

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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THE DEMOCRATIC CONGRESSIONAL MANIFESTO.

The representatives of the Democratic party in Congress have issued "An Address to the People of the United States" that can only be characterized as "shrieking." It is not true the United States has gone to the devil or is likely to do so, nor that any man's "sacred rights" are abridged by the Government or are likely to be so. It is utter rubbish to pretend that no serious disorders exist in some of the Southern States, and it is simply stupid to say that power does not and ought not to exist in

the Government to put them down. If they cannot be put down, then government is only a contrivance to shield crime; a ridiculous affectation, a snare and a farce. It is laughable to institute a comparison, and call heaven and earth to witness it, between the expenditures of the Government in 1861 and 1870. Why not descant on the outrageous disproportion between the pantaloons of the boy of five years and those of the youth of twenty!

These puerilities are unworthy of the leaders of a party that is or may be great. The Democratic party knows that it is not a unit on the question of Free Trade, and that it is

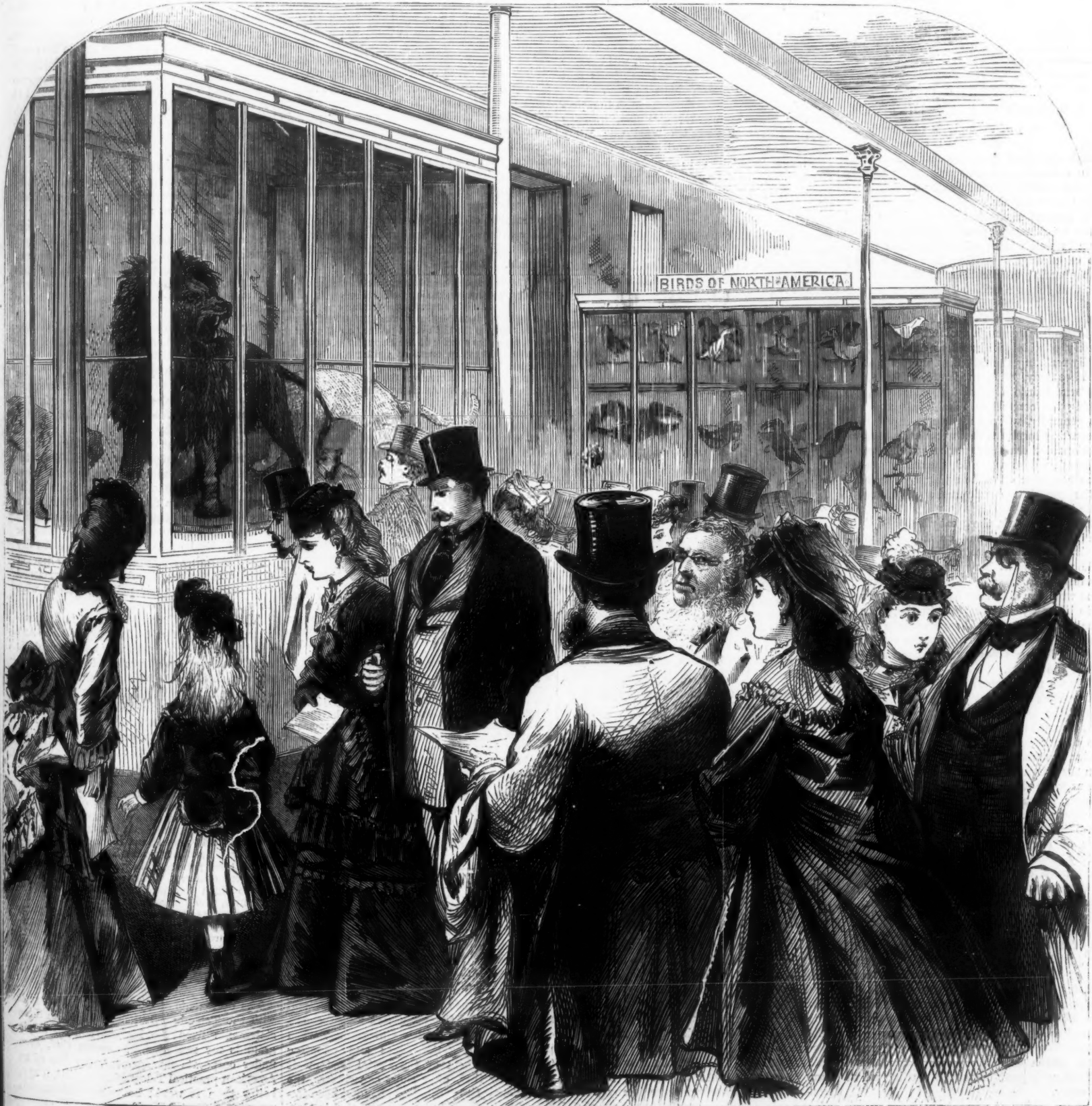
divided on the question if the late Amendments to the Constitution are "null and void," and therefore the sneaking and cowardly allusions to them—not strong enough for one portion of the party and too strong for the other portion—should not have been made at all.

The references to fraud in collection of the revenue, to the swindling "land grabs," and the cliquism of robbery of the existing Administration, are legitimate and just. And in these consist all the force there is in this vapid document. Why was not the Administration arraigned, and the party responsible for the Administration, for its unconstitutional acts

and its usurpations in the West Indies? For its base indifference to the course of Freedom in Cuba? For its nepotism and disregard of the intelligence of the land, in filling the chief offices of the Government with obscure adventurers and nincompoops? For its wretched management of our Indian affairs, and the frauds and felonies connected with them?

As an indictment of the Republican party, the Address is an abject failure. It gives neither the text on which Democratic speakers can spout, nor the key-note on which the party can pitch its battle-cries.

With due prescience, discretion, and the



NEW YORK.—RECEPTION AT THE PRIVATE OPENING OF THE NEW MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY IN CENTRAL PARK, APRIL 27TH.—SEE PAGE 139.

promulgation of broad, fresh, and distinct issues, joined with a judicious nomination of candidates, the success of the Democratic party in the next National Election would be certain. It must, however, also throw over and completely discard dead issues, and clean itself of the fatal taint of sympathy and concurrence with Tammany. It is the dread of having Tammany men and Tammany tactics introduced into our National affairs, that keeps thousands of disaffected men in the Republican ranks. The hideous political immorality, and personal insatiable rapacity of the vulgar set of men that controls the city of New York, and through it the State, and who aspire to rule the nation, alarm all reflecting citizens, and "make them pause." The Tammany ulcer must be cauterized, for, if left to spread, the re-election of General Grant, notwithstanding all his sins of omission and commission, his faults and his follies, will be an assured result.

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537 Pearl Street, New York.
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, MAY 13, 1871.

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NOTICE.

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THE PARKS OF THE METROPOLITAN DISTRICT.

The influence of example is pleasantly exemplified in the widespread attention and emulation aroused by the success of New York city in converting an unprepossessing locality into the grand practical result now witnessed in the CENTRAL PARK.

The general movement for providing rural resorts for citizens in nearly all sections of the Union is well worthy of notice. The multitude of strangers visiting New York carry home cheering recollections of the beautiful Park that forms a brilliant feature of our metropolis. The effects are actively showing themselves through the land. Many cities and towns having rough spots in or near them, formerly considered almost as nuisances, are happily realizing the fact that these apparent blemishes may, with moderate expense, be transformed into attractive rural scenes, increasing the comfort of inhabitants and visitors generally, while enhancing the value of surrounding localities that were lately deemed objectionable from their proximity to the waste and rough places aforesaid, the attractiveness of the towns or cities being largely increased by the practical development of improved public taste.

The Central Park, the great pioneer work in such high embellishment on this continent, has thus proved of incalculable value to the whole nation, as a beneficent experiment in an admirable direction—a beautiful example of the wonders that may be effected through public liberality well directed in the paths of correct taste—an example useful also in stimulating improvement in private parks and landscape gardening around many homes in all parts of the Union.

While we may properly rejoice that the city of New York has "set the ball in motion," through the force of its example in this respect, we need not be mortified in finding that some of our imitators produce results even grander, in some respects, than those we justly claim for our noble Park. Local features, in or near more than one city, afford natural advantages, requiring comparatively little labor and expense, for producing effects unattainable in the interior of the comparatively narrow limits of our island metropolis; yet it is scarcely possible that any city can work a greater miracle of beauty out of a tract originally so unpromising—so rough with "rock, and swamp, and brambles rude"—as was the locality of the Central Park when the task of improvement was begun. To aid in realizing an idea of the greatness of the change effected here, just look around that Park at the aspect of most of the adjacent lands, or "lots," even in their present partially improved condition. It required vivid imagination and strong faith to foreshadow, with much taste and wealth to accomplish, the beautiful reality we are now enjoying in our already world-renowned public resort. Much less expense, in more favored localities, may produce results rivaling all we here enjoy.

Saying nothing at present about the prominent features of the great Fairmount Park at

Philadelphia, or about other parks proposed or in progress in other States, we confine ourselves just now to our own neighborhood.

It is not improbable, for instance, that the PROSPECT PARK of Brooklyn, with its peculiar local advantages, and under the taste and skill of Olmstead and Vaux, will, in some features, surpass even our Central, of which latter those artists were the original designers and architects.

The elevated position of Prospect Park gives it advantages that cannot be surpassed in any city of the world. A broad stretch of the Atlantic Ocean; the magnificent harbor of New York, with its upper and lower bay, and the noble rivers connecting therewith, including Staten and other islands; the ever-varying scenes produced by fleets of shipping, in all varieties of steam and sail; the cities of New York, Brooklyn and Jersey, with the villages in their environs, including among them the homes and public edifices of nearly two millions of people—are all within view of visitors, from high points in Prospect Park, and will quickly satisfy them that the name is rightly given; for where, in the whole range of civilization, can grander "prospect" be found—prospect more varied, beautiful and sublime—panorama more indicative of public taste and liberality, of private enterprise and prosperity, of commercial wealth and greatness, all combined with natural features such as cannot be found elsewhere included within range of vision from any one standpoint in any country?

Prospect Park is, indeed, a noble counterpart of the Central, and must always be considered almost equally dear to New Yorkers; for, as Brooklyn, great city as it is, forms, in reality, a portion of our Commercial Metropolis—being, as Mr. Beecher styles it, the "bedchamber of New York," from the extent to which it is occupied for the residence of people whose business lies across the river—the Brooklyn Park, when finished, will become a highly favored resort for inhabitants and strangers in the Metropolitan District.

New York has also a deep interest in a prospective park in another direction. Jersey City, which now includes what was lately known as Hudson City and other towns that swell the population to highly respectable dimensions, may be properly ranked with Brooklyn as a part of the Metropolitan District, of which New York is the centre. The East River, between New York and Brooklyn, on one side, and the lordly Hudson, rolling between New York and Jersey City, on the western side, can hardly be said to separate the cities, inasmuch as the facilities of ferriage render the three places as close in their business and social relations as are the lower and upper portions of New York—the intercourse between that and either of the other cities being actually easier than the communication between the upper and lower parts of New York itself, on its elongated island, sandwiched between its Long Island and Jersey neighbors. Hence, what beautifies and benefits either city is measurably beneficial to the others.

Jersey City, growing rapidly, will doubtless soon be extended so as to include Wehawken within its corporate limits; and it needs no great gift of prophecy to assert that that acquisition will shortly afterward be followed by the conversion of the prominent hill at Wehawken into a Public Park, which will, in some respects, rival both Central and Prospect Parks—as may be imagined by people familiar with Halleck's vivid allusions to Wehawken, even though they have never ranged over the heights, or enjoyed the magnificent prospects that inspired the poet when he exclaimed, fifty years ago, in language applicable also to the Park on Brooklyn Heights, and measurably to the "Central" in New York:

"WEHAWKEN! in thy mountain scenery yet,
All we adore of Nature, in her wild
And frolic hour of infancy, is met;
And never has a Summer morning smiled
Upon a lovelier scene, than the bright eye
Of the enthusiast revels on, when, high
Amid thy forest solitudes, he climbs

"Tall spire, and glittering roof and battlement,
And banners floating in the sunny air,
And white sails o'er the calm blue waters bent,
Green isle and circling shore, are blended there,
In wild reality. When life is old,
And many a scene forgot, the heart will hold
Its memory of this: nor lives there one,
Whose infant breath was drawn, or boyhood days
Of happiness were passed beneath that sun,
That, in his manhood prime, can calmly gaze
Upon that bay, or on that mountain stand,
Nor feel the prouder of his native land!"

These allusions to the principal Parks of New York and Brooklyn would be incomplete without at least a brief reference to minor rural embellishments in both cities. The improvement of the Fort Greene Park, in Brooklyn, indicates that the enlightened spirit which influences Prospect Park will be manifested generally through the minor parks and in the public squares of that city. In New York, the same admirable taste is showing itself in similar ways. Wherever there is any public ground suited to the purpose, in various parts of the great city, embellishment shows itself

in a manner consonant with the beauty displayed in the Central Park. Witness the improvements around the City Hall, the County Court House, and the site of the new Post Office now in process of erection. See also the progress of the same spirit at the Bowling-green and other little inclosures, which are being transformed into gems of rural taste amid the brick and mortar and the crowded thoroughfares of the busy town. Washington Park is becoming beautifully revolutionized in its adaptation as a connecting-point between Fifth Avenue and three streets that will hereafter serve as connecting-links between that fashionable promenade and the lower part of the city. And then see the great improvement now in progress on the once favorite, but long-neglected, promenade known as "The Battery." This park is being improved in a manner that will render it, even before this Summer closes, one of the most beautiful rural embellishments of which any city can boast; and will soon command crowds of admiring visitors, not only from among strangers, but also from among the residents of our city, who have for long years shunned the place as an abomination. It will once again, and in a far more beautiful style of improvement—improvement reminding visitors about the attractions of the Central Park—become an appropriate outlook from the great city toward the animated scene presented by the harbor of the American commercial metropolis.

A HOME TRUTH.

MR. HERBERT, M. P., has recently made a speech to his constituents in Nottingham, England, of a highly revolutionary character. He thinks that, on the death of the Queen, the question will naturally and properly come up, "What shall we do with Crown and Court?" He thinks also, that the time has about come to dispense with such rubbish. He is specially severe on the "Court System," which, he says, is a fountain of folly playing among Englishmen, making them more foolish than they need be, filling their newspapers with wonderful descriptions, occupying whole columns, of receptions and dresses and slavish ceremonials. Whereupon the *Spectator* remarks, that it is the people who demand this sort of thing; that it is universal snobbery that delights in it, and the Court and its follies, whatever they may be *per se*, would be nothing of importance except for the morbid cravings of the multitude for show and the details of a life in which they do not participate. It says:

"It is the people whose demand produces the supply. The *Court Circular*, the only official record of Court doings, is as simple as such a production can be. It is the doctors, educated men of the professional class, who announce the birth of 'a prince,' as if a prince were some rare species of the human race, while the Queen describes the event as the birth of 'a son.' The abolition of the Court would not change the taste of the people for ceremonious frivolities. There is no Court in America, but American journals received are full of elaborate descriptions of the dresses worn by Mrs. Grant and the ladies around her at a recent wedding, descriptions differing only in two points from those which the *Times* would publish of any grand Court ceremonial. The American reporters descend to details which in England would be pronounced impudent, if not nauseous, and they almost invariably mark the cost of the dresses with a certain sense of awe, as if price of itself were the highest criterion of excellence. Is there any improvement in those improvements upon English frivolities? We doubt very greatly whether the tone of English society would be much changed by the disappearance of a Monarchy which has ceased to exercise social influence, but so far as any change occurred, it would probably be for the worse. The millionaire would become the aristocrat, and the financier would lead society, and the ideal of life, instead of being merely luxurious, would be luxurious and vulgar too. Our social hierarchy, bad as it may be, does restrain that worship of wealth which is the fable of Anglo-Saxons, and which threatens in America to demoralize every section of the community. Our Judges wear wigs, but they do not take bribes. Our Secretaries of State dress in livery to attend the Sovereign, but they do not buy their positions. Our journals devote whole columns to Court frivolities, but they do not send female reporters into the dressing-rooms of the great ladies, while they are dressing, to report from that point of view. Our distinctions of birth may be absurd—and our distinctions of rank are most of them grotesque, but no distinctions corrupt a people so rapidly and so surely as the effacement of all distinctions before the single distinction of wealth. You cannot sell yourself for birth, for birth is incommunicable. You cannot sell yourself for rank, because the Sovereign has no interest in buying you. But you can sell yourself and your self-respect for cash, and in France and America you do."

CHEAP TELEGRAPHING, AS WELL AS CHEAP POSTAGE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the objections to concentrating more power in Governments than can well be avoided—notwithstanding the soundness of the rule that business pursuits should be left to business men, with the least practicable interference from public officers—and notwithstanding the prejudices which consequently beset the British Government when purchasing Telegraph Lines and adopting them as adjuncts of the Postal System—it seems now that, after short experiences, the usefulness of the Telegraph has not been impaired by the revolution thus effected in electric correspondence. To be sure, there were

considerable delays and difficulties for a while; as is usually the case in great changes, involving intercourse with multitudes of people scattered over wide regions; and the journals were for a while redolent with compliments. But censure has largely given way to satisfaction, if we may judge from the cessation or decrease of grumbling, and from the large and steady increase in the number of telegrams, as shown by the official reports.

The example set by the British in the way of cheap and efficient postal communication—a policy originating with Rowland Hill, whom the Government honored with knighthood for his services—has excited a degree of admiration and emulation that led to great reduction in the cost and much improvement in the efficiency of postal communication through the civilized world—and hence the eyes of people who desire similar improvements in telegraphic intercourse may well turn now toward the progress of the newly organized Telegraph arrangements in the British Isles.

As the early complaints about inefficiency in the Postal Telegraph System, continuing for some months after the Lightning Lines passed under Governmental management, were largely copied into American journals, it is but fair now to hear the other side; and the facts may possibly lessen, if they do not squelch, the objections frequently urged before and for some time after the union effected by the Government between the Postal and Telegraph Systems. These facts show that the number of telegrams has been largely increased, under diminished charges; and that the increase is steady, indicating public appreciation of the Governmental efforts for rendering the Telegraph System beneficial to the people in the way of cheapness and efficiency, as has already been the case in an extraordinary degree with the Postal System. There is, as yet, a considerable deficiency in the Telegraph revenue, as there was in the postal income for some time after the reduction in charges: But this reduction of charges, accompanied by extension and improvement in the service, will, it is plausibly contended, soon render the Telegraph branch of the service a paying auxiliary to the Postal Department.

We mention these matters as important features of the times, without meaning to be understood as favoring the absorption of Telegraph Lines by our National Government as an adjunct of our Post Office Department. Indeed, we strongly doubt the expediency of uniting the Telegraph with the Postal System, in the United States—at least until positions under the Government cease to be considered as "rewards" for partisan service. You may readily find men fitted for places as clerks and other assistants in mailing letters and keeping postal accounts. All parties can furnish enough of these. But the case is far different with the Telegraph System. Persons must "begin young," who would become good manipulators of the Telegraph—comparatively few persons are really fitted for the peculiar duties of practical telegraphy; and fewer still would be willing to learn the business, if subject to removal with a change of partisan power. Under the British Governmental practice, good conduct in *subordinates* generally insures their continuance in place—a few, and only a few, of the superior officers being subject to change with the mutations of parties. Whether Whig or Tory, Radical or Conservative rules the day in the British Government, who ever hears of changes in the *working forces* in Governmental departments, be their political notions what they may?

The necessity for improvement in our American Telegraph System is strongly felt: And whatsoever improvement may be best made, is a subject worthy of profound consideration among intelligent and influential citizens everywhere through the Union. Some of the greatest difficulties in this country are thus pointedly and truly set forth in the *New York Telegrapher*, a worthy organ of the practical Telegraphers in our land:

"The best and most valuable telegraphers are continually leaving the profession, and engaging in other lines of business, because telegraphing no longer offers sufficient inducement to retain them in the service. In this business, the rule which holds in other professions and employments, that the best and most efficient should remain, and the inefficient and unsuited should retire, is reversed.

"We know personally that many able, expert, and intelligent operators, who are attached to the business to which they have devoted the best years of their lives, who have remained in it in the hope that there would be an improvement in this respect, are now in despair of such an improvement—almost resolved to struggle no longer against the adverse influences which paralyze and neutralize their efforts, but to seek in other, though less congenial employments, that encouragement which telegraphy no longer affords."

The opponents of Governmental connection with the Telegraph System may find, in these statements from the highest source, ample grounds for reflection. It seems that, even under corporate management, the life of an American practical Telegrapher is little, if any, better than it would be under Government sway in the Post Office Department.

We refrain, at present, from speaking fully

of the charges on American Telegraph Lines, though that branch of the subject is worthy of particular attention from the whole community. We will only now say that public and social interests require that seven or eight dollars shall not be much longer extorted from people who want to send a *ten-word* telegram to any friend on the eastern or western side of the Union.

ANTI-CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

The organization of the "American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," by Mr. Henry Bergh, in this city, less than four years ago, has led to most valuable results, obvious to every citizen. It has led also to similar organizations elsewhere.

There are now twenty-one kindred Societies in the United States, and two in Canada, located as follows:

New York.	Chicago, Illinois.
Albany.	St. Paul, Minnesota.
Fishkill.	St. Louis, Missouri.
Buffalo.	San Francisco, California.
Philadelphia.	Petaluma, California.
Women's Branch.	Piqua, Ohio.
Women's Br.	Bangor, Maine.
Baltimore.	Providence, Rhode Island.
Waterford, Virginia.	Boston.
Washington, D. C.	Montreal.
Davenport, Iowa.	Quebec.
Detroit, Michigan.	

Both in New Jersey and New Hampshire the requisite laws for the formation of similar Societies have been passed, and movements are on foot in Ohio, Kentucky, Tennessee and Mississippi. The movement, in fact, must soon become general, indeed, National. At the late session of Congress, the House of Representatives passed a Bill entitled:

"AN ACT to prevent Cruelty to Animals while in transit by Railroad or other means of Transportation within the United States."

This act remained among the "unfinished business" of the Senate at its adjournment, but will, no doubt, be revived and passed during the next session.

A NEW edition of Mr. Francis Parkman's "Conspiracy of Pontiac and the Indian War After the Conquest of Canada" has been published by Messrs. Little & Brown, of Boston. Much additional and highly interesting matter has been incorporated in this new edition, taken principally from the Bouquet and Haldimand papers, now in the British Museum. In this additional matter we notice a proposal made by the British Commander-in-Chief at the time, Sir Jeffery Amherst, to get rid of his Indian enemies by inoculating them with the smallpox. The exact words of the proposal made by him, writing to Colonel Bouquet in 1763, are these: "Could it not be contrived to send the smallpox among those disaffected tribes of Indians? We must, on this occasion, use every stratagem in our power to reduce them." To this Bouquet replied: "I will try to inoculate the—with some blankets that may fall in their hands, and take care not to get the disease myself. As it is a pity to expose good men against them, I wish we could make use of the Spanish method, to hunt them with English dogs, supported by rangers and some light horse, who would, I think, effectually extirpate or remove that vermin." Amherst rejoined: "You will do well to try to inoculate the Indians by means of blankets, as well as to try every other method that can serve to extirpate this execrable race." In another letter he says: "I need only add, that I wish to hear of no prisoners, should any of the villains be met with in arms." At a later period, and during the Revolutionary war, the British commanders in America employed "this execrable race," and gave them rewards for the scalps of the revolutionary colonists, without regard to age or sex.

The only country in the world to which emigration is fairly feasible, and in which the emigrant, so be it he is not a "heathen Chinee," is freely welcome, is the United States. The British Australian Colonies do not wish to receive the overplus of British laborers, sent out by the Government or by Societies, for they say these arrive mere paupers, without the knowledge or ability to gain a living under the new circumstances of their position; and that, as all the trades are full, there is no opening for them except "in the bush," where, as they have no means to clear and stock land, and generally know nothing of agriculture, it is impossible for them to go. Consequently, they become worse off, and, in many instances, worse paupers, than at home. The State cannot support them at home, and cannot "start" them abroad. An English writer, urging State aid to these people, says: "We must either release our pent-up flood of labor, or prepare for a catastrophe—emigration, or revolution of all the relations of society."

In the third volume, just published, of Max Müller's "Chips from a German Workshop," an agreeable letter from Sir Robert Peel to the Chevalier Bunsen is quoted, filled with compliments to the German nation. The date is October 10th, 1841. Sir Robert is almost pro-

phetic in speaking of Germany as Germany, over and above the narrow provincial claims of the separate States. He hopes that "every member of this illustrious race, while he may cherish the particular country of his birth as he does his home, will extend his devotion beyond its narrow limits, and exult in the name of a German." The Rhine, as a "natural frontier," appears to him the appanage of Germany, and not of any "foreigner." Becker's ballad, "They Shall Not Have the Rhine," had then just appeared, and Peel emphatically asserts "they will not have it; and the Rhine will be protected by a song."—Meantime, over in France, Alfred de Musset was answering the words of Becker with the beautiful but abortive chorus, "*Nous Pavons eu, votre Rhin Allemand*,"—a *défilé* sung in every studio up to the very date of Sedan. The encouraging tone of Sir Robert Peel, a foreigner, in contemplating a unity of the German States, is quite striking, as a sentiment of 1841.

The production of the precious metals in the United States during 1870 is estimated to have been of the value of \$63,000,000. Of this quantity, California produced \$18,000,000, and Nevada \$15,000,000.

THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.

ABOUT a thousand persons, including a large number of ladies, attended a complimentary reception given, April 27th, by the trustees and curators of the American Museum of Natural History, at their Museum building in Central Park.

Under the direction of the Commissioners of Parks, the Arsenal has been thoroughly renovated and adapted for the reception of the collection. The mode of classification adopted by the curators in arranging the collection for exhibition enables the visitor to pass by progressive stages from the lowest to the highest types of animal life. At the entrance is a collection of sponges from the East Indies and varieties of dome-shaped corals, found at great depths. In the second case are exhibited specimens of leaf and branching corals, found nearer the surface. The next case contains alcoholic specimens of low orders of animal life. These form a part of the celebrated collection of Prince Maximilian of Neuwied, Germany, and are valuable to zoologists on account of the large number of types represented. The next case, on the opposite side of the room, contains 200 specimens of fishes, including the dolphin, bladder-fish, and many others. At the next point, higher orders of fish are exhibited in alcohol, together with skeletons of reptiles collected by the late Edward Verreaux of Paris. A well-preserved boa constrictor from South America is worthy of notice in this department. Four cases, in the centre of the room, are devoted to the department of conchology, the first containing unique specimens of woods and minerals collected by General Legendre on the coast of the Island of Formosa; the second, a collection of shells from all parts of the world, presented by Wm. A. Haines; and the last two, specimens of shells and mollusca, in alcohol, collected in the East Indian Archipelago by Professor Albert S. Bickmore, and presented by him to the Museum. The mollusca include most of the species found on the shores of Ambony and adjacent islands, and are exhibited in sufficient number to afford ample opportunity for studying their anatomy. In the next department, 10,000 specimens of Lepidoptera have been presented by Coleman T. Robinson, including all well-known varieties of American and European moths and butterflies. More than 4,000 varieties of beetles and insects of other orders have been contributed by Baron R. Osten Sacken. Further installments of the Maximilian collection consist of South American birds, including the penguin, condor, and hawks of the higher regions of the Andes. There are in addition birds of every variety of plumage, including English sparrows, the Pompadour, bell and umbrella-birds, orioles, and parrots. Two cases, one containing snakes and Greenland seals, and the other deer, wild boars, and the ibex, complete the catalogue of the second floor.

The upper story is devoted especially to North American birds and stuffed animals of all varieties, from the kangaroo to the monkey. The Elliott collection consists chiefly of North American species, and comprises over 2,500 specimens, carefully mounted on mahogany stands. One of the rarest specimens is the Great Auk, which belongs to a species now extinct, and of which the last were seen in Iceland. Every bird on this continent known to naturalists is represented, including loons, gulls, spoonbills, partridges, wild turkeys, woodpeckers and humming-birds, in endless variety, the sombre raven being next neighbor to golden orioles and flaunting flamingoes. Foreign birds also are seen, including bustards, Holland ducks, pheasants, eagles and hawks. In other departments are found the reindeer and the American stag; lions, leopards, and tigers; gazelles from Africa, and birds-of-paradise from Australia; foxes, porcupines, kangaroos, and countless other varieties, until the progressive series is closed and the climax is capped in a complete collection of the monkey-kind. A group in one of the octagons, representing an Arabian driver, life-size, mounted on a camel, and attacked by a lion and lioness, was executed by M. Verreaux, the celebrated taxidermist of Paris, where it drew a prize in the Exposition of 1867.

A gratifying result of the formal reception was the contribution of \$1,000 by one gentleman to the permanent fund.

The following are the officers of the Museum:

President, John David Wolfe; Vice-Presidents, Robert L. Stuart, William A. Haines; Secretary, Theodore Roosevelt; Treasurer, Howard Potter.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Germany.—Triumphal Arch in Frankfurt.

The grand triumphal arch erected for the welcome of the Emperor of Germany in Frankfurt, is located at the entrance of the Gallows Street, a stone's throw from the railway station, the main approach to Frankfurt, and the scene in past centuries of so many jubilant processions to the Hall of Emperors—for through its ancient stately portal, immemorial custom prescribed the entrance of each new candidate for the diadem of the Holy Roman Empire—and of so many mournful cortèges to the place of execution.

The incidents of the new Emperor's visit have been already chronicled in the papers, but we may briefly remark that Von Moltke was the hero of the evening. The plaudits which unmistakably greeted him were as incessant as they were deafening. The old man had to keep up such a continuous volley of military salutes, now with the right hand, now with the left, that at last he seemed wound up by clockwork. One incident greatly tickled the Frankforters. A nest of storks, built upon a stack of chimneys adjoining the Hessian Palace where the Emperor lodged, was disturbed by the glare of light and the shouts of the crowd at the moment the Emperor appeared on the balcony to address the Frankforters, and the birds flew off and began careering wildly over his head, an omen of good luck, which was greeted with roars of laughter and cheering.

England.—Athletic Sports at Brompton.

The recent Champion Meeting of Amateur Athletics, chosen from the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, at Brompton, near London, was attended by nearly seven thousand spectators. The sports consisted of hurdle, high, broad and pole jumping, throwing the heavy hammer, putting the stone, and foot-races; and extreme enthusiasm was manifested at the fine efforts of the inter-University Athletics.

Paris.—Demonstration of Females—Present State of the Tuilleries Garden—Proclamation of the Communal Votes at the Hotel de Ville—Conflict Between the Reds and National Guard at Courbevoie.

It was the 3d of April, 1871, when the French artist Rieckbusch observed a procession of the Dames des Halles and other Wild Women of Paris, directing themselves along the Versailles road, apparently with the most persuasive intentions toward Thiers and his Deputies. This gathering of the female clans formed a striking scene, and great results were anticipated by the artist, who was reminded of the demonstration of October 5th, 1789, when Louis and Marie Antoinette were insulted at Versailles by a similar delegation from Paris. The counsel imparted by this April cloud of petticoats was doubtless well-considered and important; but it has escaped the notice of the historian, and is locked up in the experienced breast of Thiers, only remotely to affect the annals of French Government.

The Garden of the Tuilleries, formerly the centre of all that was bright and *flant* in Paris life—parade-ground of the cocodette, scene of the dark flirtations of the Mohammedan Turco with the half-alarmed *bonne*, and stage for the condescending promenades of a mock-emperor and his family—is no longer a garden. Half the fine chestnut-trees are felled; the ground is deeply seamed with the wheels of the cannon; the fountains have ceased to play. It is like a stage awaiting the shifting of the scenes, and, for the present, delivered over to the brutalities of the smith and carpenter.

An engraving is published showing the scene of the proclamation of Communal votes at the Hôtel de Ville, in Paris. The address delivered on this occasion was filled with those grand and flimsy phrases which in France are called rhetoric, and in America buncombe. "Your adversaries" (so the complacent listeners of the Rouge faction were told) "have said that you are striking at the Republic. We answer, that if we strike the Commonwealth, it is as the pickaxe which is driven deeper into the earth. Yes, it is by the Commune's complete liberty that the Republic is to be rooted amongst us!" These shining generalities were greatly to the taste of the audience, and the long-haired student and unctuous butcher embraced each other in a transport of delight.

The affair of Courbevoie, in which the Versailles troops came into conflict with the Reds, was witnessed by an artist correspondent of the *Monde Illustré*. "Hidden behind a house on the Avenue de Neuilly," he writes, "I watched with anguish the end of this terrible drama, helpless and unarmed. I saw, at two paces from me, the helpless victims of political ideas falling in death. One, beside himself with pain, dragged himself to my own hiding-place, and implored me to help him back to Paris, that he might die beside his wife!"

Stove-wagons Used in the French Camps.

An ingenious pattern of rolling kitchen, or stove-wagon, was invented by Professor George Ville, of the Paris Museum of Natural History, and destined for the alimentation of the French troops. The first trial of an apparatus made under this system took place last December, at the Bois de Vincennes, in the presence of Ducrot and Trochu. Ten thousand cups of tea, coffee and chocolate, were quickly distributed to the troops, and the generals were much gratified. But the Prussian system, in which the soldiers were encouraged to live on the simplest rations, ultimately got the better of this idea, worthy of Sardanapalus!

MARVELS OF DISCOVERY.

It finely powdered chalk is stirred into a solution of water-glass (silicate of soda) of 33° B., until the mixture becomes thick and plastic, a cement is obtained which will harden in between six and eight hours, possessing great durability, and applicable for domestic or industrial purposes. Any color desired can be obtained by uniting any of the colored metallic oxides or sulphides with this composition.

The American Journal of Science and Arts for March contains a paper "On the Porcelain Rock of China," by Baron von Richthofen, of Shanghai, who visited the King-te-chin district, where the Chinese have made nearly all their porcelain for about three thousand years. He appears to show that the Chinese Kaolin is not found under similar circumstances to the China-clay of Cornwall and Devonshire, in England. The porcelain rock of King-te-chin is stated to be of the hardness of feldspar, and of a green color like jade. This rock is reduced to powder, and made into bricks of two kinds, one being called Kaoling, and the other Pe-tun-tse, the supposed

equivalent of Cornish China stone. The British porcelain clay, Kaolin, exists as a soft imperfectly formed variety of granite, and the China stone, Pe-tun-tse, differs from it only in being a more talcose rock.

For many years it has been a query whether the electric current might be brought so far under man's control as to take the place of steam as a motor for machinery, and success has at last crowned the persevering efforts of scientists. At the last exhibition of the American Institute, there was seen an elliptic lock-stitch sewing-machine, driven by a small electric engine which might easily be put into a common hat-box. A series of eight magnets are set on the periphery of a circle, and around these revolves an armature of steel, which is continuously propelled by the magnetic action, and thus operates the machinery that moves the needle. Connection with this motor is had by means of a small slide within easy reach of the operator, at whose will the current may be cut off entirely, or the speed of the needle graduated as may be desired. The use of this motor, if it becomes general, cannot fail to prove of the utmost benefit to ladies, especially to machine operators, as it does away entirely with the necessity for using the feet, as is now the case, and must be highly conducive to the health of females, who suffer from many diseases that are generated by the constant strain on the pedal and limb muscles.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

The last representation of Wagner's "Lohengrin" was given at the Stadt Theatre, New York, April 28th. The opera was well received, from its introduction to its withdrawal.

The King of Bavaria is going in for legitimate drama, and has directed his stage manager to prepare to bring out the whole of Shakespeare's plays, with the best actors to be found in Europe.

"THE STREETS OF NEW YORK" has been revived at Wood's Museum, and attracts large evening audiences. For the afternoons, "The Flying Dutchman" is exhibited to the little folks, besides the countless curiosities of every clime and style.

For the first time, San Francisco, Cal., has had the opportunity of enjoying genuine *opera bouffe*, a company of French actors opening a season there, April 10th, with "La Grande Duchesse." The company sailed from Lima. Mlle. Geraldine is the prima donna, and manages her weak voice with good skill.

On the 8th of May, Mr. F. S. Chanfrau commences an engagement at Niblo's, in Spencer's drama of Southern Life, "Kit, the Arkansas Traveler." Mr. Chanfrau's clever delineations of *Mose* and *Sam* have given him a reputation for studious acting that will no doubt render his *Kit* a fine attraction.

MR. WILLIAM CRESWICK, the distinguished English tragedian, assisted by Messrs. Montgomery and Bennet, appeared in Boston on Monday, April 24th, and played through the week a round of the Shakespearian characters that have made his name so popular in England. His *Julius Cæsar* was specially commended.

The season of Italian Opera, promised for the early part of May, appears destined to be a rich treat. Articles of reputation have been engaged abroad, while many of our own popular singers will take parts. The season is limited to ten performances, and the following operas are underlined for presentation: "The Sicilian Vespers," "Faust," "Polito," "Rigoletto," "Martha," "Il Crispino," "Un Ballo in Maschera," "Robert le Diable," and "Ernani."

This second public rehearsal for the last Philharmonic Concert took place at the Academy of Music, on the afternoon of the 28th ult. The chief feature of the occasion was the effort of Miss Krebs, who made a deep impression by a piano performance of Liszt's concerto in E flat. She was twice recalled after it, with an emphasis of applause uncommon at these daylight rehearsals; but she excused herself from playing again. At the next rehearsal she will make her appearance as a vocalist. She has never sung at a public concert in America (though she has been heard in St. Ann's R. C. Church), and her debut in this new character will arouse no little interest.

MR. CHARLES MATTHEWS's appearances in New York at the Fifth Avenue Theatre have taken the form of hearty ovations. In his "Clatter vs. Patter," he gave those who studied his acting for the first time a feeling of pleasant acquaintance. But he reserved until the evening of the 24th the pieces, "A Thousand a Year," and "The Critic," in which he delivered himself over to the gentleness of sentiment and humor—and won the warmest applause of a vast audience. In the latter piece, his two parts offered a field for the study and exhibition of the haughtiness, ill-temper and aristocracy of an old-school author, and the rollicking antics of a journalist, whose road to prosperity seemed greatly obstructed, but who succeeded in sharpening the accidents of life to a fine point of humor. The audience was well shaken by the comicallies of *Mr. Pig*, and retired in the happiest of dispositions.

MARIE SEEBACH brought her engagement in America to a close in New York on April 28th, acting the sympathetic character of *Mary Stuart*, at the Academy of Music. After the performance, a gentleman read to her a highly complimentary sonnet, composed for the occasion, and presented her, in the name of some of her friends and admirers, with a wreath, "Dedicated to the High Priestess of Art"; also with a large medallion, heavily mounted in Roman gold, with a fine enameled painting on one side, representing the "Angel of Peace" kneeling on a footstool of diamonds; on the reverse side the initials "M. S." in monogram, and the inscription, "New York, 28th April, 1871." This, suspended to an elegant double-link "cable" necklace, altering into a pair of bracelets, the whole resting on a magnificent sterling silver receiver, having on it the same inscription as on the medallion. Mme. Seebach was almost overcome with emotion, and her voice faltered as she responded to the compliment.

The spectacular presentation of Shakespeare's "Winter's Tale" at Booth's Theatre excites much admiration. While the costumes have been copied with archaeological fidelity from classic vases, cameos and statues, the scene-painters, in some instances, have admitted into their work splendid anachronisms, quite allowable in a play where Shakespeare has treated time and place with his most magnificent defiance—to the extent of giving Bohemia a seacoast. The scenes have been nearly two years preparing, and some of them, as the Theatre of Syracuse and the Peristyle of *Leontes's* Palace, are truly superb. The costumes have been designed with a studious revival of classic fashions, probably unapproached in the American theatre. From a clever little pamphlet prepared by Mr. Arthur Mathison for distribution to the audience, we get an idea of the care exerted in this respect. The first dress of *Leontes* is fashioned from a figure of the Lycian king, Jobates (on a vase in the Hamilton collection). For his mourning dress he wears the "Heimatlan" or mantle of the period. The costume of *Hermione* is reproduced from an ancient representation of a sacrifice to Venus; that of *Perdita* from a similar source, while *Paulina's* dress is copied from that of a personage of high rank in the Hamilton collection. The mariner, clown, satyrs and swineherds are habited upon equally close authority. The Greek Youths, in their Pyrrhic Dance, at the second scene of Act I, and the orgie of Satyrs in Act IV., are like animated bas-reliefs from an old sarcophagus or frieze. This revival is a beautiful employment of a beautiful theatre.

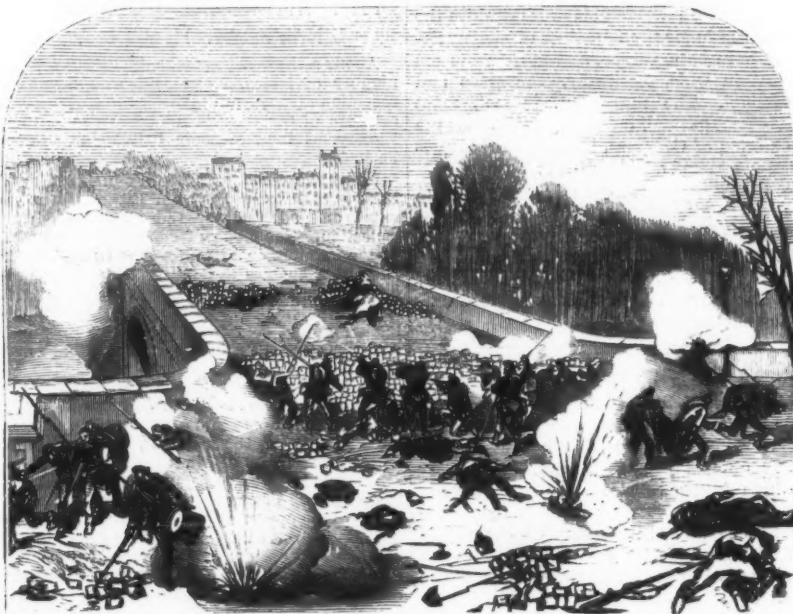
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PRECEDING PAGE.



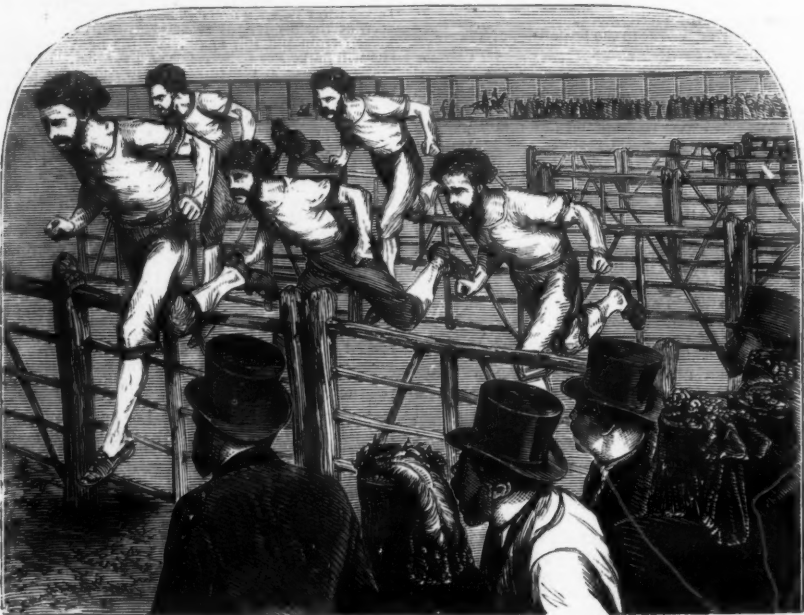
GERMANY.—TRIUMPHAL ARCH ERECTED AT FRANKFORT FOR THE RECEPTION OF THE EMPEROR.



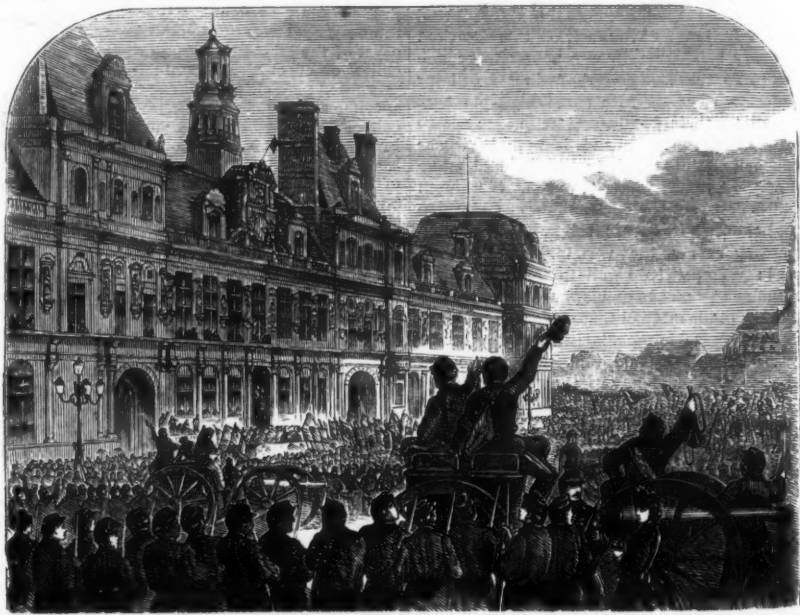
PARIS.—PRESENT STATE OF THE TUILERIES GARDEN.



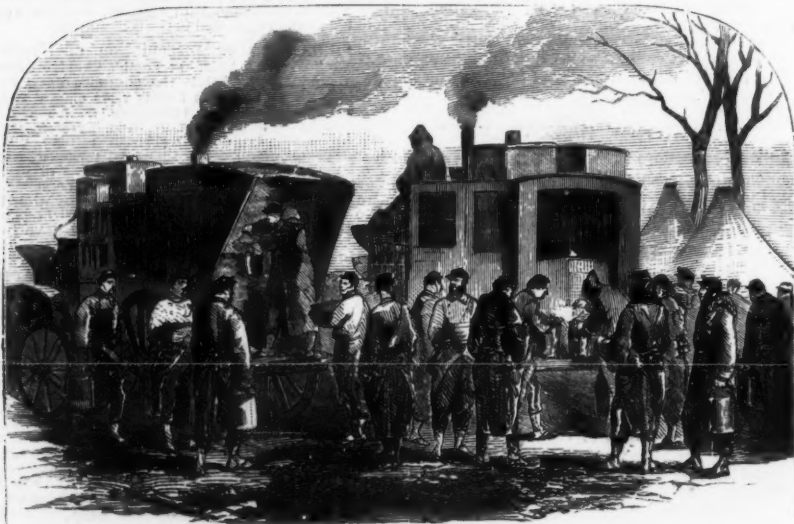
FRANCE.—COLLISION BETWEEN THE VERSAILLES TROOPS AND THE COMMUNISTS, AT COURBEVOIE.



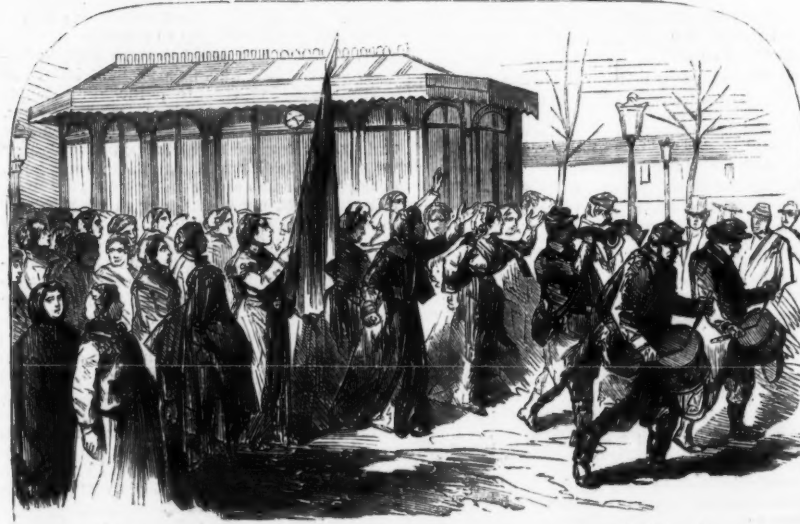
ENGLAND.—ATHLETIC SPORTS AT BROMPTON—THE HURDLE-RACE.



PARIS.—PROCLAMATION OF THE COMMUNE IN FRONT OF THE HÔTEL DE VILLE.



FRANCE.—STOVE-WAGONS, INVENTED BY PROFESSOR VILLE, FOR USE IN THE FRENCH CAMPS.



PARIS.—DEMONSTRATION OF FEMALES DURING THE ROUGE REVOLT.



NEW YORK.—EXTRAORDINARY MIRAGE, SHOWING THE CANADA COAST OF LAKE ONTARIO, AS SEEN FROM MOUNT HOPE CEMETERY, ROCHESTER, APRIL 16TH.—SEE PAGE 147.

GRAND DUKE ALEXIS OF RUSSIA.

ALEXIS, the Grand Duke of Russia, who is soon to become the guest of the United States Government, is the third son of the reigning Czar of Russia, Alexander II. He was born on the 2d of January, 1850, and is consequently a little over twenty-one years of age. He is thought to be strikingly handsome; in fact, he is considered very like his illustrious grandfather, the late Czar Nicholas, who, in his day, was not only the grandest-looking sovereign, but was called the handsomest man in Europe. Prince Alexis has been carefully educated at the Imperial Palace at St. Petersburg, and is spoken of by his tutors as being an apt scholar.

He is also represented as being a bright, intelligent young man, thoroughly devoted to his profession as an officer in the Russian navy, in which, it is said, his own abilities, even were he not of the blood imperial, would have secured him exalted rank, notwithstanding his youthfulness.

He is to sail from Cronstadt about the middle of May, in an imperial yacht, escorted by a small fleet of Russian war-vessels, and is expected in New York during the month of June.

The Imperial party will proceed from New York to Washington, where they will be the special guests of the United States. After a rapid tour through the Eastern, Middle and Western States, and a journey across the Continent to San Francisco, it is supposed that the tourists will cross the Pacific, and, traversing the immense Empire of Russia on the continents of Asia and Europe, reach St. Petersburg some time in October next.

All the Diplomatic Corps, and particularly the Russian Legation, are busily engaged in preparing a programme of festivities, which, in conjunction with those in course of preparation by the United States Government, together with the hospitalities that will doubtless be freely offered by all the larger cities throughout the Union, will combine to form a succession of grand



THE GRAND-DUKE ALEXIS OF RUSSIA.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH FURNISHED BY BRADY.

ovations that will probably surpass, in point of real magnificence, anything of the kind this country has ever witnessed.

We are glad the Imperial sailor is to visit us, and hope that our Government will extend him the warmest welcome. We owe very much to his august father, the Czar, for his hearty sympathy with the efforts to subdue the Rebellion, for the generous manner in which American officers and citizens have been received at the Imperial Court, and for the steadfastness of friendship that has been manifested on all occasions by the Russian people.

We are sure our citizens will not forget the attitude of Russia at the stormiest hours of our great war, and that, by freely according this high representative of our tried friend the fullest hospitalities, they will manifest a deserving appreciation of Russia's kind courtesies to Young America.

THE SIGNING OF THE FORCE BILL.

At noon, on the 20th of April, President Grant, accompanied by Secretary Robeson and General Porter, came down to the Capitol. At one o'clock, the Ku-Klux Bill was presented to him in the President's Room, when he signed it, constituting it a law, and himself a Dictator at discretion.

"We freely concede," says the *Nation*, "that General Grant is not the man to abuse his dictatorship. We acknowledge, too, that it sounds well to talk of 'putting forth the whole power of the Government to protect the downtrodden and oppressed,' and that if the whole power of the Government is exerted, there will, as long as it is put forth, probably be some diminution of Ku-kluxing at the South. But the danger is, that if we do this long enough to bring the negroes and Unionists of the South any real relief, we shall destroy completely, in the minds of the people of the Southern States, all sense of responsibility for the local preservation of order; and this once destroyed, centralization becomes a matter of necessity."

JOHN JASPER'S SECRET.

BEING A NARRATIVE OF CERTAIN EVENTS
FOLLOWING AND EXPLAINING

"The Mystery of Edwin Drood."

CHAPTER III.—(continued).

Suddenly I saw the light brighten; and if I committed a breach of propriety in looking into the window, that, too, may have been ordered by what we sailors sometimes call 'the sweet little cherub that sits up aloft, keeping watch for the life of poor Jack.'

"The light went up, as I have said; and I expected to see that your brother had given up his walk and returned. It was a very different face that I saw—that of the man who is hunting your brother."

"Heaven! John Jasper! Are you sure that you were not mistaken, Mr. Tartar?" Helena cannot avoid exclaiming, in the first moment of surprise.

"No, I am not mistaken," answers the sailor. "It was that man; and when I knew so much, you may be sure that I watched more closely, and nearer. His face had a devilish expression of triumph (I am afraid that I saw that with my face very near the window!) as if something long waited for had come at last; and yet no less than twice during the five minutes that I saw him there, that same face was crossed by spasms of pain, one of which seemed as if it might kill him on the spot."

"That was he—yes, that was John Jasper!" the young girl rather murmurs to herself, than reassures the other.

"Of course it was he! We who float about around the wide world are sometimes obliged to recognize a light or a headland very quickly, and after not many views of it; so that we recognize people, once seen, with nearly the same instinct. I have told you that I saw the pain on his face, more than once. I did not know what produced the effect, then: I know now."

Helena Landless, her brave heart nearly standing still with a terrible interest, can only say so much in a word, and Mr. Tartar goes on:—

"Here I am at fault, or rather I was at fault last night. What he was doing I did not know, nor do I know at this moment. I saw him stooping over the table, and fumbling with things lying upon it—then pulling out one or two of the drawers. What I believed that he was doing, at the instant, I will tell you. Something against your brother's liberty, and perhaps his life, in one of two directions. Looking for something of your brother's, that he could place where it would seem to have been dropped during the commission of the murder; or arranging to place something apparently in the possession of your brother, that may once have been known to be in that of the poor young fellow. But what ails you, pray, Miss Landless? You have lost colour—you seem faint. I am sorry if I have pained you."

"No, it is nothing—pray proceed," answers Helena, with a strong effort. She is pale and faint-looking; and something in the story has affected her. Ah, can it be? Was that sudden fancy mutual, producing on the one side, months ago, that boyish boast of how he would paint the sister of Neville, on the part of Edwin Drood,—and on the other, so far, neither mark nor sign? Is this bright, fresh young girl, who has no excuse or privilege to wear mourning for the frank-hearted boy gone so suddenly and mysteriously to his death, really concealing, for his sake, the heart of a widow in her bosom? And have the words so suggestive of his "taking off," come too closely and roughly home to her consciousness,

"Whatever can you mean, Mr. Tartar?" enquires the young girl, for a moment doubtful whether the height of the aerial garden, or some other uncalculated influence, has not, after all, caused the narrator to "lose his head."

"Pray pardon my wild way of putting it," he rejoins. "What I mean is simply that at that moment I must have lost control of myself. For I certainly sprang into the room, through the window, oblivious of all rights of property; and I am afraid I assaulted the other intruder (though what right I had to do so, you must say) to the extent of knocking him down. I think that I tried to arrest him, with the idea of giving him in charge as a burglar. But the attempt was by no means an easy one; and in the struggle, when

It does not belong either to my brother or myself, and must have been dropped, I think, by the—by your antagonist. But it is sweetly pretty, is it not?"

She says nothing more on that point—knows nothing more. Bright as are the eyes of the young girl, trained in that far-east of the beast of prey and the deadly serpent, they have no power to follow the diamond and ruby flash of that ring for a single hour of its past history: how much less to read its future, which may be the whole future of two lives!

"Yes, it is very pretty; but what am I to do with it?" is the very natural suggestion of the man who has thus suddenly become possessed of property for which he has neither use nor title.

button-hole? or perhaps Miss Landless will make it doubly valuable by doing so."

"A geranium? Certainly, if you will be so good. Why should not an Angular old fool enjoy all the privileges of his position? And where is your brother, Miss Landless?"

Helena obeys the hint by stooping to pick a flowering sprig of the favourite named; and Neville Landless, at last attracted by hearing voices in his room, and the calling of his name in that of Mr. Grewgious, comes out from the other apartment and behind Mr. Grewgious at the window, at the moment when Mr. Tartar, puzzled with his superfluous ring, and just remembering that there is now some one else to consult in reference to its disposal, steps to the



MR. JASPER'S UNEXPECTED PLEASURE.

we were both on the floor, he managed to twist away from me and escape through the open door. I followed him down one flight, then returned to the room, to ascertain if any damage had been done to the furniture, and at first with a view to await your return. But a second thought made me determined not to tell your brother at once, if you would consent to keep the affair temporarily from him; so I quitted the apartment, in the same way that I had entered it, only carrying away this, which I found on the floor, from its glitter, and which I feared might be overlooked if I did not take personal care of it. May I ask whether it belongs to you or your brother, or whether, as I half suspect, it may have dropped off the hand of our pleasant friend in my little struggle with him?"

Miss Landless receives, without any other emotion than must necessarily be associated

Helena Landless is thinking of something else now, and she says:—

"What a strange story you tell me, Mr. Tartar! and what a singular mystery it all is! My poor brother! Yes, thanks to your goodness and courage, I believe that we do see new danger to him, before it strikes; and you will help us—I know that you will—to save him from it, without even allowing him to know what is threatened."

Mr. Tartar's brown face is all aglow with the pleasant excitement of the compliment thus bestowed and the help thus sweetly requested; and his blue eyes have all their old expression of frank daring in the prospect of adventure, as he utters the first words of the promise demanded. But there is an interruption, and when the promise eventually comes, it comes in quite another shape.

window, holds it up on the end of his finger to the old lawyer, and says:—

"See what a treasure-trove—isn't that what you men of the law call it?—came into my hands last night. There is a flower, now, worth wearing, on the hand if not in the button-hole."

He sees Mr. Grewgious start back, then dart suddenly forward, as his eye catches sight of the bauble; he feels that the Angular man, anything but angular now, grasps it away from him with a cry which eventually shapes itself into twenty startling words; he hears Neville Landless, behind the lawyer, echo that cry, with variations of an equally surprising character; he becomes dimly aware that Helena, near the verge, is also startled by the cry, and in danger of making one last plunge from the roof—his quick eye and hand saving her; and it is only then that his sense takes in what his outward ear has heard at once—those pregnant words of Mr. Grewgious:—

"Good God! Mr. Tartar! have you any idea what it is that you are handing me? This is Edwin Drood's ring, which I put into his possession not two days before—before he disappeared, and which was undoubtedly on him when that event took place! I have known it for nearly twenty years. Whence did it come? How did you come by it, young man? Quick—no trifling—who can tell me anything of this?"

CHAPTER IV.

TARTARS OF TWO SEXES.

THERE is an impression current in the world—so current that it has shaped itself into an axiom—that "when things reach their worst, they must mend;" for if, when it had reached its culminating point of fury, a certain storm had not abated, the world would undoubtedly have been blown to atoms, and nothing would now be remaining, if anything whatever did remain, except a few fragments of what was once the globe, and its wonders of nature and art, floating about through space, each particle blindly seeking to find and rejoin the others, as the members of a separated family might do, deprived of all those senses which guide search or indicate proximity. And if there had not been a point at which the edge of the appetite for violence began to be dulled, when two or more great nations were hottest in their work of devastating and destroying each other—then, long before this time, the last tendrils of vegetable life would have accompanied the last man to extinction, and the earth returned to be once more chaos.

The great difficulty in receiving this comforting assurance of affairs growing better from the worst, lies in the impossibility of knowing when the worst has been reached, so that the amelioration may be expected,—as also in the question, of some little consequence, whether the sufferer may not perish under the infliction, before the "coming" of the promised "good time." And it is just possible that Rosa and Miss Twinkleton may have considered that point with some apprehension, suffering, the one in person, and the other vicariously, under the wrath of the Billickin. The occupation of the premises in Bloomsbury would end, necessarily, at no distant day, through the necessity of Miss Twinkleton resuming her chase and most proper duties at the Nuns' House, at the close of the vacation; but until then? For the fact cannot be disguised (Miss Billickin's extreme candour being duly adopted), that a state of affairs which had seemed to be at its worst within a few days after the occupation of the lodgings, had continued to increase in unpleasantness with a rapidity shaming the boasted results of geometrical progression, until calling the premises untenable would have been a very mild way of putting it, and only the mingled hope of early deliverance,



DOG, APPARITION OR BANDOG?

overcoming that womanly calmness ordinarily so marked, and leaving her weak as the most untutored? Questions asked as are so many in this world of catechisms, without any expectation of their being immediately answered, and propounded as may be a larger proportion of the same class than we ordinarily admit, more for the sake of awakening thought on a certain subject than of shaping that thought into assured convictions.

But Mr. Tartar proceeds, as requested, though after a little longer pause than seems to be demanded by the circumstances of the case.

"I am glad to see that you are better, Miss Landless, though perhaps that does not assist me. For I have a most painful confession to make, involving at least two crimes and possibly three or four. Two that I am certain of: burglary, and assault and battery; and larceny, as seems probable."

with anything obtained in so romantic a manner, the object which the other hands her, and of which she knows nothing—as how should she, it never having been placed before her eyes, or mentioned in her hearing? It is a ring of blended diamonds and rubies, the conceit a rose, and the workmanship exquisite as the stones are pure and delicate. She takes it from the hand of Mr. Tartar, her eyes flashing a little with that admiration which the diamond seems to have the faculty of exciting in those human orbs of the softer sex, from which its flash is legendarily said to have been originally borrowed by the genii. She slips it upon one of her fingers, as many of those fair beings have a habit of doing with gems of price whenever a moment in their hands in that convenient form. Then she draws it off again, hands it back to Mr. Tartar, and says:—

"No; you must be correct in your surmise."

Mr. Grewgious is standing in the open window—so Angular, in the clear morning air, that his face and figure seem to have assumed all the gables of the old houses thrusting themselves out on the narrow street behind doomed Holborn Bars. He has come up to see Neville Landless. He does not find him in his room. He observes Tartar and Helena standing and in conversation, in the aerial garden. And he calls as pleasantly to them as a much better rounded man could be expected to do.

"Strictly between ourselves, young people," he says, "the hour is slightly early for a flirtation, and still earlier for one that involves extensive promenades in covered walks. May I hope that you are both well, and inquire whether Mr. Tartar has come down from the mast-head or up from the cabin?"

"Come from aloft, Mr. Grewgious," launches the young man. "May I pick a geranium for your

and desire not to pain the unconscious Mr. Grewgious by opening his eyes to the existing status, induced an attempted continuance on the part of the two ladies.

Not that the Billickin had contracted, during those succeeding weeks, any personal objection to dear little Rosebud, who belonged to that peculiar class of little people, much more popular with the grim and staid (from an unrecognized lack of those very qualities, making collision unlikely) than better-regulated persons of a more pronounced individuality; but that the hostilities existing between the two combatants continued to grow in fierceness if they declined in frequency; and that no so-called non-combatant can hope to escape all the blows aimed at the fighting force which he or she accompanies in an amicable relation.

Needless to say that of the two combatants Miss Twinkleton suffered most, as the less vulgar and consequently the more sensitive. Also as, all other things being equal, the aggressor will generally receive less damage than the party attacked: the hammer will show fewer dents than the anvil against which it is pitted in a succession of violent strokes. Did the eggs, ordered soft-boiled, but intended to be cooked in some mild sense of that word, come up, in the morning, so guiltless of near approach to the fire that they might be believed to have just been laid, and only affected by the animal warmth of the pullet? Then certainly the junior participant, even if less declared than the other in her observations as to the cuisine, might be held quite equally a sufferer. Did the chop, ordered well-done, emerge from the lower regions in such a condition of blackness and cinder, that it might be supposed to have been hung up in the chimney for at least the previous week? then might the same revulsion be expected in the younger stomach, which moved the elder to digestive hysteria. And so of the blacks in the pudding; the deal-board consistence of the tart, from which the fruit seemed to have been omitted without particular request; the unsettled condition of the occasional morning coffee (a weakness of Rosa's, indulged by Miss Twinkleton in lodgings, as it would not have been at the Nuns' House), in which the pulverized berry seemed always to be floating about in a state of unrest, and violent self-assertion as to its genuineness; and the tea, which sometimes exhibited symptoms of feebleness, possibly consequent on its long and wearying journey from China or Japan, leading to a feeling of cruelty in taking advantage of and swallowing it. In all these, and an hundred other pleasant details, for which there did not seem to be quite the proper excuse—we may be sure that the little lady in that unseemable black, which sat upon her like a dark winter day shutting down over a soft spring landscape, suffered quite her proportion of discomfort, without thereby affording any relief to her elder sister in affliction.

Whether any of the other lodgers at Billickin's, or all of them, meanwhile, experienced corresponding sensations, it was of course impossible for the Cloisterham twain to form an idea. It seemed highly improbable that any proportion of them could have remained long under that roof of the integrity of which in rainy weather the Billickin's candour expressed such doubts, without in some mode trampling upon the weakness of that lady, and thus arousing a certain amount of residuary antagonism; and yet, as the changes were not constant, it was impossible to say that the disturbance affecting the two was other than local—that Mrs. Billickin was doing anything more than saving the young lady from serious consequences by keeping her at the proper alimentary moderation, while she returned to the lips of the elder that chalice from which she had herself drank so deeply, by reducing her blood to the understood boarding-school-pupil thinness and poorness.

But there were other and darker clouds in the horizon. Indefinable unkindnesses may for a long period take place, without ultra results, between the two unfriendly powers before brought into the comparison; but there comes a time when definable acts are done, and when accurately-worded complaints are the first consequence, with protocols and ultimatums following, and behind them—open war.

It was one of those hot and sweltering mornings on which P. J. T., had he experienced the like seventeen hundred and forty-seven, would have wiped from his brow the Perspiration Juicily Trickling, and announced a Positively July Temperature, when Miss Twinkleton and Rosa, sitting at their after-breakfast sewing, and conversing over the feasibility of an afternoon stroll through the parks, became aware of the presence of the Perpetually Jostling Tartares. She was not of those who "folded their tents, like the Arabs, and silently stole away;" on the contrary, her disappearances were apt to be more or less noisy; and it was in her entering a room that the occupants became aware of her belief that the door was Pushed Just To, and that every room of a lodging-house was Permitted Joint Territory, to be entered upon and enjoyed, at any moment, by those who Pleased Just Themselves.

The Billickin seemed pale and attenuated enough to have hurried in during one of the intervals of a succession of swoons which would be fatal at the next recurrence; and her indescribable shawl, thin in texture, as became the temperature, suggested, as it fell away from her shoulders, that it uncovered something which might otherwise have been concealed, and completed the living statue of Candour. She was perhaps a shade more rigid than on former visits, owing to the lingering of some portion of one of the late spasms; but the least observant mind could not doubt her capability of stating, then, as at any moment, the whole of a demanded proposition.

"Miss," she said, with the visible effort of so late suffering, "business is business, and one doesn't always have the privilege of pickin' out the time when it is to be done—leastwise I don't, as I should probably pick both my time and my company if permitted."

Pausing to take breath, she left an opening for Rosa, who said,—

"I beg pardon, I am sure: was it anything about dinner?—and is it not a little early?"

"No, Miss," returned the Billickin, for one moment sweeping around her eye and fixing it upon Miss Twinkleton with the air of one who saw at a great distance some dim and doubtful object of no special significance—then bringing

it back to her interlocutor. "No, Miss, it isn't dinner—it's servants."

"Servants? has anything happened?"

"That much, Miss, as things can't go on at this rate—no, and you cannot make them, try however you will."

"Rosa, dear," said Miss Twinkleton, showing the little consequence which she conceived the whole matter to hold, by threading a needle with the utmost skill and nonchalance, "the person of the house is what I should call ambiguous, if I had reason to suppose her capable of understanding such a word. Will you be kind enough to ask her, in any words suited to her habits, what she may happen to mean?—so that this unannounced call may be made as short as possible."

This shot might have been a serious one, had it reached its mark; for Miss Twinkleton, for certain reasons which may presently appear, was more than ever before disposed to make an end of her tormentor, and made less than the usual pretence at masking her artillery. The Billickin was equal to the occasion, however: she did not hear one of the offensive words—at least it is to be presumed that she did not, as she made no allusion to them in the remarks immediately following.

"No, Miss, it's not dinner," she said, severely, yet with calm superiority, to all trials of her equanimity; "it's not dinner, it's servants, Miss; you can't keep the respect of servants, Miss, and I defy you to try, if parties who are old enough to know better, not to mention that they have been all their lives in positions as ought to have taught them what servants are and what they want, seeing that they've not been that much above 'em—if such parties, whom we won't name, Miss, because it would be a wasting of time and a trying of tempers that has enough to bear—if such parties will break all rules belonging to respectable houses, which they may know or may not, by talking to the servants of things that they have no more to do with—no, Miss, I will not keep the truth from you, not for one minute, though you kill me for speaking it—no more than the child unborn."

Rosa, who found herself thus once more in the current shuttlecock condition, and who had enjoyed quite enough of it, though she had no idea of killing Mrs. Billickin as a relief—Rosa looked up, a little in surprise, unable to fancy what serious wrong had been done to the servants by her unfortunate preceptor; and while she was endeavouring to frame a few words of reply, Miss Twinkleton, who was by no means extinguished, though temporarily overpowered, out in, so to speak, and saved her trouble.

"Rosa, my dear," said that dignified lady, "I shall really be very much obliged if you will ask the person of the house—I may say the remarkable person of this house, who seems to be the victim of most objectionable manners, as well as that very poor blood for which we give her full credit—to state what she wants, and why she intrudes where her company is not desired, in the most offensive manner."

This, spoken a little more loudly than her wont, and very direct, was something that the Billickin did not find it quite convenient to ignore. The pale face grew not a little flushed, consequently, and there seemed some promise of another spasm in the immediate presence of the ladies. Great is the discipline of self-control, however, in minds possessing a certain combative power; and the lodging-house keeper of Southampton-street, Bloomsbury, proved as yet quite equal to the emergency.

"Yes, the servants is meddled with, Miss," she continued, after only a moment to rally. "There has been remarks made to 'em about water spilt at the tap, in front of one of your doors, Miss, which some parties who have little enough of the things they take from others comes to be picked out, thinks that they own. Not that the water is not sometimes spilled, Miss, along of its spitting, and the tap not bein' entirely tight—I will not deceive you on that point, Miss; but what would you expect? Does those parties think as they have taken the 'ole 'ouse, that no one else than themselves is to have water? And whose is the servants, Miss, 'red with hexcellent characters, and paid good wages that regular that there is never a word of complaint—no, they wouldn't dare to make it!—who orders them, I ask, Miss? Not to mention, on no account, Miss, that them as makes the complaint is always a drawin' and a splashin' of the water, makin' the slop themselves, raising the rates and using so much water that one would think who did not know any better that they must be uncommon dirty to need so much scrubbin' to make 'em clean."

Miss Twinkleton's eyes flashed (she was again threading her needle, and looking up at the light, her expression of countenance could be easily discerned), but she answered suavely, and with no apparent disturbance, in that tone so well known at the Nuns' House:

"If you should ever have occasion, Rosa, dear, be good enough to say to this extraordinary person, that you have known some people who used so little water as to create the suspicion that they never washed themselves at all, and that such people generally have a horror of the free use of water by others—a kind of hydrophobia, as I believe, though the fits sometimes have another name."

The eyes of the Billickin were lurid in her pale face at this juncture. Evidently she was one of those demanding to be fought with plain words, and quite as capable of taking a mortal hurt as giving one, the bolt being well directed. But she did not yet find another opportunity for a counter-thrust; for Miss Twinkleton, her blade freshly-blooded, and feeling the excitement more than ordinarily, made another lunge with very creditable effect.

"And while you are speaking with that person, Rosa, dear," she said, "it will be quite as well to intimate that the practice of coming into private rooms without knocking, is one never tolerated in respectable society; and that, if the practice should be continued, during the short time that we remain in this house, we shall suppose that our rooms are intended to be entered surreptitiously, in the hope of finding us absent, and for purposes which I need not name—so that we shall be under the necessity of keeping the doors always locked."

The eyes of the Billickin, lurid before, were aflame now. Still she fought to the last, not manfully, as naturally comes the temptation to say, but womanfully.

"Which I have always observed, Miss," she

remarked, "that parties as was very averse to having rooms entered without knocking, was in the habit of carrying on practices that didn't bear looking into very closely. Not that I suspect any one whose name we will not mention, Miss, of having any gentleman coming to visit her. No, Miss, I will not disguise it from you that there is too much of age, and too little of that as is called good looks; and something else is to be suspected."

"You will say to the person of the house, Rosa, dear," Miss Twinkleton rejoined, calmly as ever, "that it is not the mere fact of any one coming in without knocking, to which we object, though that may be offensive enough; but that in her case, and that of her servants, we shall be obliged to make the rule positive, for personal reasons. And then you may add, Rosa, dear, a request that the person will leave the room immediately, and not return to it in future, sending any requests or enquiries by some one whose blood is not so poor, and who is less offensive in manner."

This was the final blow—the death-wound. Miss Billickin felt the dismal fact, though she might momentarily conceal it, as truly as ever knight of old felt the gliding in of the insidious steel between the joints of his armour, drinking his life-blood, and making it only a question of the moments that must elapse before he should topple headlong. She drew the shawl close around her shoulders, as if that might be some protection from the verbal weapon of scorn that was lacerating her; and the face was as pale as if there had been no blood at all behind it, instead of that self-proclaimed so thin and poor.

In point of fact, the discomfited fled the field at once, thereafter, merely throwing out this Partisan shot as she went,—a weak one, under all circumstances.

"I understand the 'int, Miss, and I shall take it for the last time, havin' been enough insulted. It is out of your power, Miss, to make silk purses out of any number of sows'-ears, and wherefore try? And you may tell Mr. Grewgious, Miss, that the rooms is wanted immediate, when the time is up, as, thank goodness, it is before long, and no renewal at any price—not if you should offer me guineas for shillings; and your order for dinner, if you do not wish to go hungry, Miss, you can bring to my room, where I can receive it decent."

Miss Twinkleton, victress without quite knowing why she should be so, sat silent after the departure of the enemy—more defeated than victorious, after all, because she could not but remember what a pattern she had been setting for one of the pupils of the Young Ladies' College, in that encounter which had been more one of tempers than wits.

And Rosa? We have all heard of "bullets from rosebuds;" and perhaps there may be something of the kind, in some state of existence not yet fully understood. But there was no bullet in this dear little rosebud: there had never been any missile more powerful or more dangerous, in her composition, than the little pellets of charming girlish pettishness which she had fired off so readily, in those days already grown so very, very old, at him whom she now tenderly called "poor Eddy!" And she was unquestionably a little frightened at the repulse of Mrs. Billickin, slightly as she had shared in the conflict preceding it.

"You heard what Mrs. Billickin said, dear Miss Twinkleton?" she asked, when the discomfited lady had departed, with much more noise in closing the door than she habitually made in opening one. "She will not come here any more, I suppose; and we shall be obliged to remove."

"Are you sorry, Rosa? Do you think that I could say any less than I did say, in the face of such impertinence and bad manners, including us both? If so, I am sure that I am sorry for anything of the kind having occurred. But I cannot apologize to this person, Rosa, dear, whatever may be the cost of my refusal."

So Miss Twinkleton, with a momentary idea that she had in some indefinable way seriously marred the fortunes of her companion by the severity of her speech. To whom Rosebud, transcending any ordinary relations of friendship between the two, kind as they were (teacher and pupil understood), throwing her arm around the neck of the careful spinster, and kissing her:

"Apologize, dear Miss Twinkleton, 'consequences of your refusal? What can you be thinking of? Why, you only did what you had a perfect right to do, and what she deserved to have done, long ago. Yet it was all very odd and very droll, was it not?" and the wee thing laughed almost too merry a peal for an accompaniment to the black dress, which seemed to sadden without touching her to the depth of melancholy. But that peal blent with another, almost as silvery, in the ringing of the bell; and that was followed, the moment after, by the entrance of Helena Landless, the very quick disappearance, thereafter, of Miss Twinkleton, and the two young girls, so different in nearly every marked peculiarity, finding themselves once more alone together, sitting on the sofa drawn to the window, and with arms about each other's waists.

Sitting as they had sat months before at the Nuns' House, when Rosa seemed first undefinably to put herself under the protection of her stronger and more experienced companion, and when Helena seemed to make the same surrender to one who should teach her something as yet unknown of the graces of life and literature. Sitting as they had done at that time, and with nothing gone out from their tender regard for each other, and yet with such a change lately wrought in each that the half-instructed eyes of the other could not fail to see and remark it.

What was that change, as it affected each? It would have been very difficult for either to put in words what she saw, or, more strictly speaking, what she felt; and it may be equally difficult, here, to convey an impression sufficiently forcible and not erroneous.

Helena's dusky cheek and tawny eye seemed brighter than they had ever before appeared, since the day of her first coming to Cloisterham. They were not filled, informed, and softened, as often become those indexes of the human countenance immediately on the awaking of a love which shall change the whole order of being. To tell the whole truth, they were less amiable and possibly less lovely than in those earlier days; and it was almost certain that she would not have been as likely, then as before, to awake

the loving regards of some heart-whole newcomer into her atmosphere.

There was more of power in the face—more of will, less (at least temporarily) of that sweetly-poised maidenhood to which Mr. Crisparkle had bowed with such unmingled respect on that windy evening, beside the river at Cloisterham—more of what possibly might have existed in those still earlier days of which Neville told, when wrong commanded hatred and the wild will took refuge in the subtlety of escape. In a word, she seemed (temporarily again) less to be loved and more to be feared; the claw of the tiger was sensibly more protruded from within the velvet sheath of the beautiful paw.

And Rosa, again? Nearly all that which had not occurred to Helena, seemed to have fallen upon her. Gentle she had always been, in her school-girlish and half-childish way; but she seemed gentler, now, than ever; and the gentleness did not appear to be entirely that of grief. There shone a softer and warmer light in the eyes; the sweet lips, though they retained their bewitching pout, curved into new lines of more natural beauty; there was more of feeling and more of womanhood in the whole face. Without quite being able to explain where lay the difference, the close observer would have said that she was three years older than she had been six months before; and the chances are at least even that he would have added the suggestion that she was much more lovely in that sense which constitutes the inviting and involves coqueness.

So much of what was in each, and a part of which each saw in the other. It possibly remained for a few words of conversation to reveal to each the truth of what might have been suspected, as well as to suggest other ideas by no means taken into the calculation of either.

Rosebud had been laying her head on Helena's breast, for the moment, and looking up into the eyes bent above her in what seemed their old habit of protection; and then and in that way it was that she saw what caused her to start up with something like fear blended with her wonder.

"Why, dear," she said, holding off the other at arm's length, as if to examine her to better advantage, "what is it that ails you? What makes you in some way different from what you were two days ago? Has anything happened to you? Have you something to tell me?"

"Indeed, I have much to tell you, darling," answered Helena, after the pause of a moment. "Does my face show that something affects me? I am glad that you see it, for that makes my task the easier; and yet I am sorry, because it proves that I am not a very good actress, just at the moment when I need to be the best in the world."

"Something—as happened, and it is not pleasant! Is it to you, or Neville, or—Mr. Tartar?"

"Why did the eyes of the other scan the young girl so closely as she uttered the last word? And was there indeed, as Helena thought, a little momentary flush on the sweet face, and the least in the world of tremor in the voice, as she spoke it? At all events, the impression was acted upon before any reply was vouchsafed."

"To me or to Neville,—that is all very well, darling; but what has the name of Mr. Tartar—whom you began to know so very lately—to do with your anxieties, eh? Let us understand about that!"

If there had been the moment before any doubt about the colour or the tone of voice, that doubt was immediately removed. The sweet pink cheek grew crimson, the fair young brow mantled with an answering flush, and the whole manner was that of the school-girl (as indeed she was, in the truest sense) detected in some peccadillo which must cause shame, while yet the very farthest removed from wrong.

"What do you mean, Helena dear?"

This was a subterfuge—at least a means of gaining leisure for thought, as nine times out of ten the same innocent question eventually proves to be. Helena Landless accepted it at its true worth. Her question had been answered, unexpectedly soon and well; and she held up her finger in playful warning, as she replied:—

"What do I mean, darling? Oh, you understand! Look at that tell-tale face. This sailor-man is becoming dangerous to my pet. He must be sent away to sea, on a very long voyage—say for five years or so."

"What do you mean, Helena dear?"

The same words used before, but with a change in the intonation, showing that an explanation, however unnecessary, was positively desired.

"What do I mean, again? Why, simply that we have found our heart—found it only to lose it to a mere stranger. That is all."

"Oh, Helena dear!" Without another word, for that moment, Rosebud flung herself into the arms of her friend, hiding the blushing face on her bosom, and when she did speak, uttering words which proved her to be the veriest child who ever suddenly found the heart of a woman beating in her own.

"Don't laugh at me very much, dear, if you can help it, and don't scold me at all, please! Oh, it is so wrong—I know that it is; and yet how can I help it? Only think of my making such a little fool of myself, when he has not said a word and I do not know whether he cares for me any more than he does for a kitten!"

Helena Landless' handsome brown hand, with its long, nervous fingers, went caressingly over the brow of her friend, as she uttered the best reassurance that could possibly have fallen from human lips.

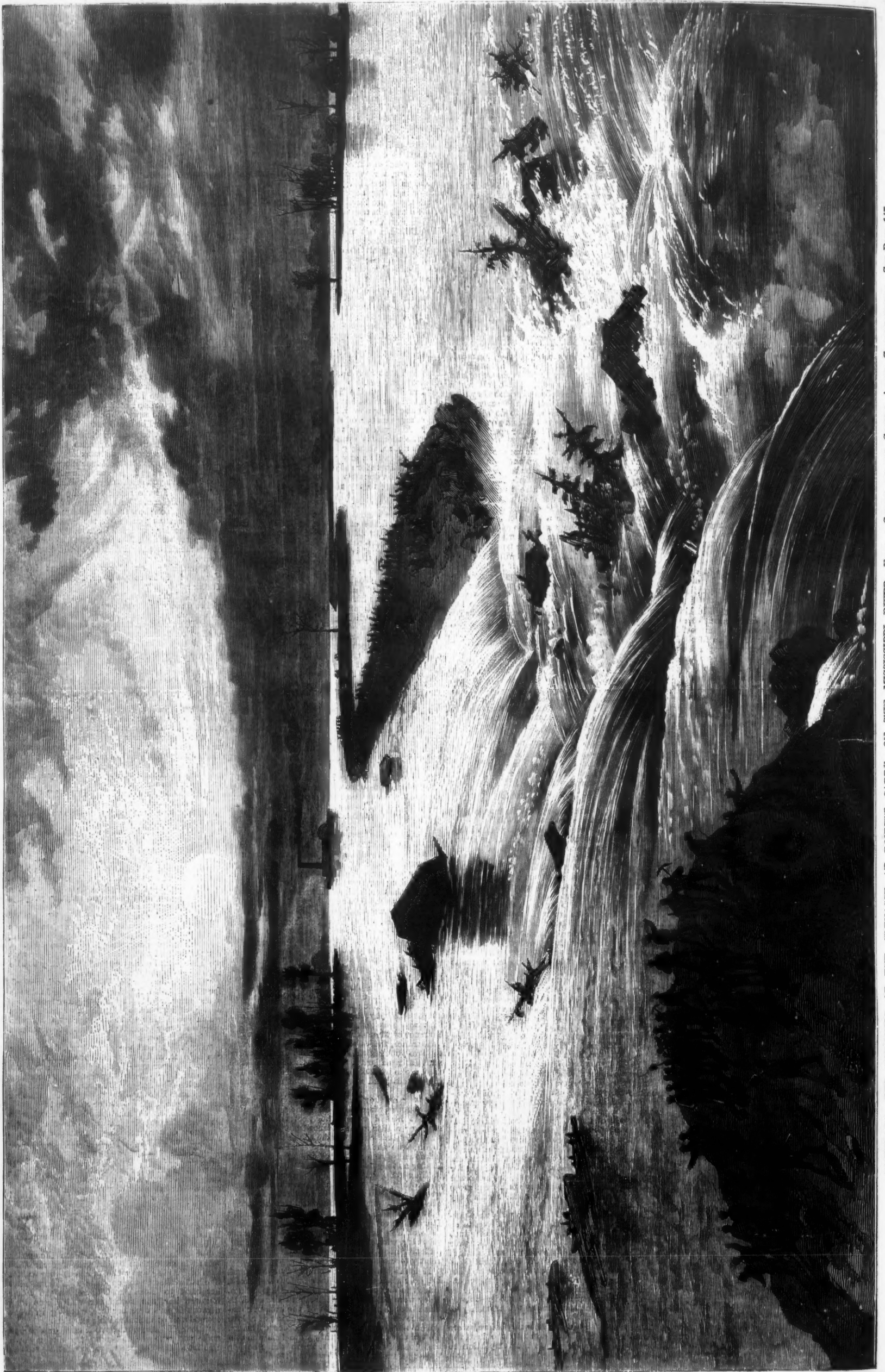
"Cares for you? yes, you baby-beauty! no fear but he cares for you, quite enough. Everybody cares for you, I think, and well they may, such a dear little bird as you are. Poor Neville! only think how happy I should be, if you but loved him as you do this stranger."

"Poor Neville!—yes, and poor Eddy! see what a torment I am, dear, to myself and everybody. But what ails you, now? Have I said anything to pain or offend you?"

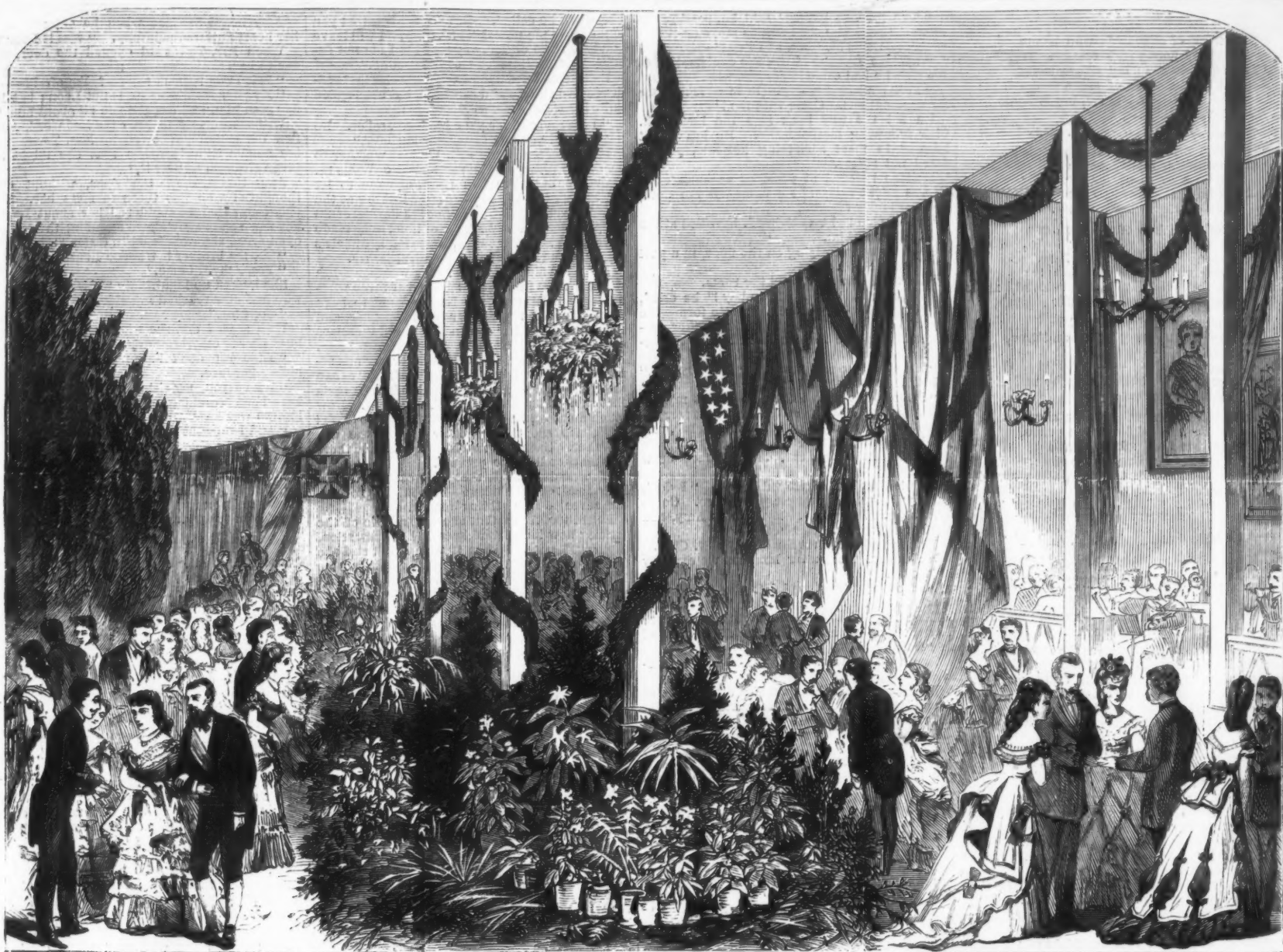
For Helena had sprung up, when the speech was little more than begun, with a gesture like that of shaking away the arms clinging to her. She had walked to the opposite window, turning her back to Rosa; and there, as the latter followed her, she found her with those long nervous fingers over her face, weeping in what seemed a fit of uncontrollable emotion.

"Dear Helena, what have I said or done, to make you, who are so strong, cry like my own childish self? Tell me what my careless tongue has said—that is a dear."

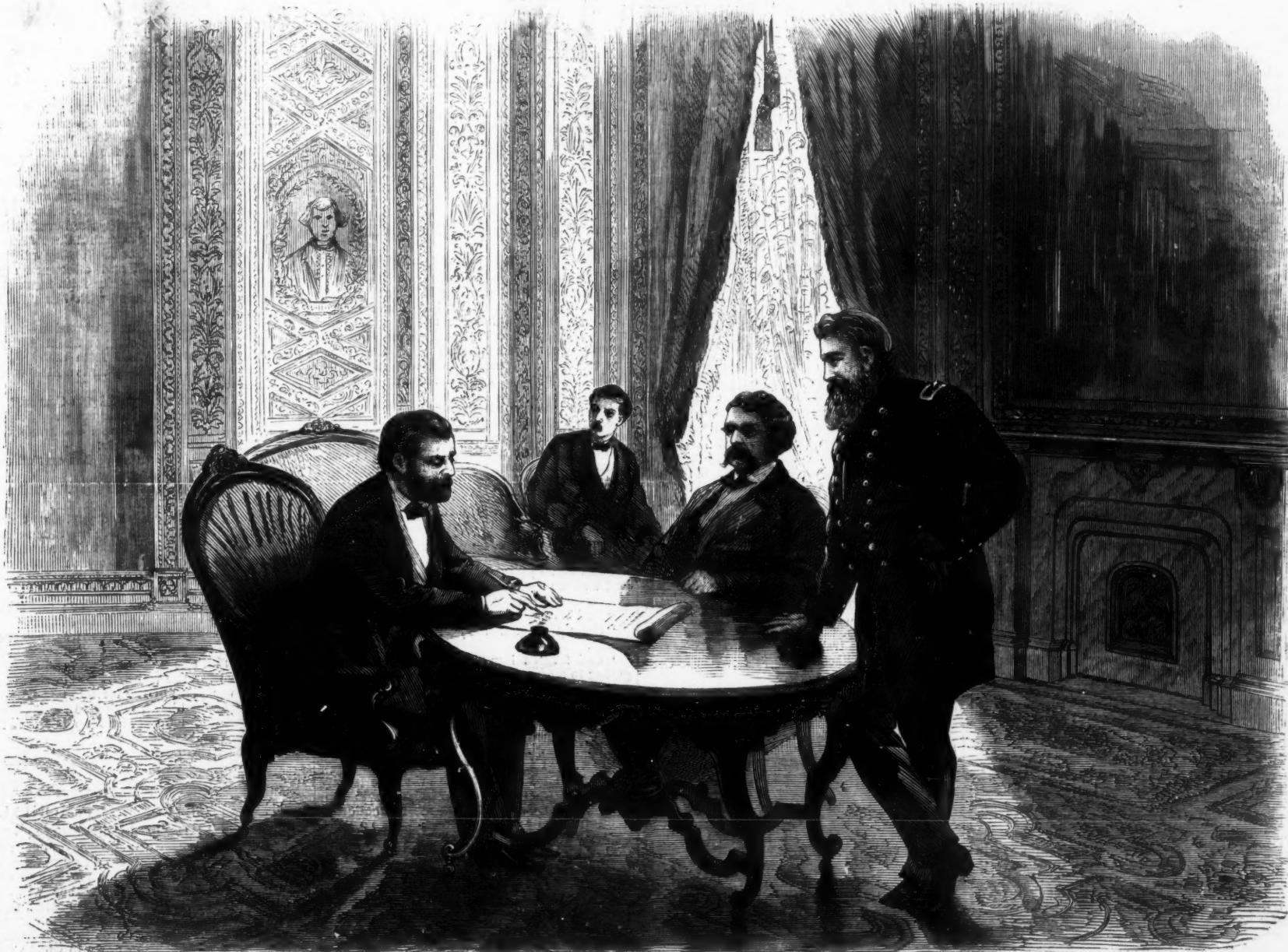
(To be continued.)



LOUISIANA.—THE BURSTING OF THE OREVASSE AT BONNET CARRE, ON THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST CORRESPONDENT.—SEE PAGE 147.



WASHINGTON, D. C.—RECEPTION BY EARL DE GREY AND RIFON, APRIL 22D—SCENE IN THE INCLOSED GARDEN OF THE COMMISSIONERS' RESIDENCE.—SEE PAGE 147.



WASHINGTON, D. C.—PRESIDENT GRANT SIGNING THE KU-KLUX FORCE BILL IN THE PRESIDENT'S ROOM, AT THE CAPITOL, APRIL 20TH.—SEE PAGE 141.

MAY.

The work of Spring is well begun
In shady nooks and sunny ways;
The blackbirds, in my maple trees,
Tell all the news of May's sweet days;
And orioles, in liquid notes, begin again their
Summer lays.

The saucy tulips pitch their tents
Within my garden's barren beds;
Pert crocuses, in borders near,
Lift up a score of yellow heads;
And dandelions—an outlaw race—bloom where
the careless passer treads.

The tender colors of the Spring
Are set on every budding stalk,
Beside my window, all day long,
I hear my neighbor robins talk;
And thrifty weeds, of May beloved, make
populous the terrace walk.

Bold citizens of sky and field
Usurp my rights in grass and tree,
And, if I seek for solitude,
I find a gay society—
The merry jargon of the birds, the undertones
of brook and bee.

Amid the dowers of gracious days,
The promises of Summer's prime,
I would but dream in idleness,
Or, by the blessing of the time,
Be made the lover of the year, and weave its
beauty into rhyme.

ONE FALSE STEP.

OR,

THE STRIFE FOR COVETED WEALTH.

CHAPTER XII.—THE LANDING—AMONG FRIENDS—
A HORRIBLE FATE.

The *Jaguar*, or the *Sarah* as she is now called, held off until late in the afternoon before she passed the guns of the old fort, and it was dark before she swung up to her anchorage.

Leon had left the vessel an hour previous, Whistling Dick and another seaman rowing him ashore.

"Row back to the vessel and tell the captain that I will return soon for the lady," said Leon, as he stepped ashore.

"Ay, ay, sir!" When they got back, another boat was just leaving, and Dick saw Edith in it.

Burgess had been true to his promise. "Land her, and that finishes the job." The order was obeyed to the letter.

Edith was left there on the wharf, in the darkness, in a strange city, and without money. It was an unpleasant situation, but preferable to imprisonment on the *Jaguar*.

She looked about her, uncertain which way to turn, but before she decided, the form of Whistling Dick broke through the darkness.

"Come, Edith! lean on me, and we'll find a place."

Without a question, without a thought of fear, she gave herself up to his guidance.

It seemed to her that they walked miles, but at last they stopped before a large house, some distance back from the street.

Sending in a card by the servant, Dick took another and wrote a few lines on it.

"Give it to your master," said he, when the servant reappeared at the door. "Also show the lady in, and tell your master that I shall call in the morning."

Then he turned for a moment to Edith.

"You are among friends now, Edith. Here you are welcome. I shall see you again to-morrow."

Edith was shown into the house, and Dick hastened away. He retraced his steps, arriving at the dock just as a close carriage was driven up. He knew pretty well who was in it, therefore was not surprised to see Leon Correo alight.

Leon recognized the seaman.

"Where is she, Dick?"

"The ship or the lady?"

"Either—both!"

"I can show you where the lady is," said Dick.

"Has she come ashore?" asked Leon, quickly.

"Oh, yes!"

"Where is she, Dick?"

"I reckoned it might be worth something to you, so I took care of her myself."

"Well—well! money is no object!" said Leon, impatiently. "Get in and show me the way, and your fortune is made."

Dick got in, after giving some directions to the driver. The ride was short, the carriage stopping at the corner of a narrow street.

"Pay the carriage, and send it away," said Dick. "Now come."

Dick led the way down the narrow street, at last stopping before a house apparently untenanted.

He produced a key which opened the door, and he conducted Leon into a back room, dark and damp.

"Wait a bit, now, and I'll strike a light. The cap'n told me to take her somewhere, so I brought her here. My house, you know, and no questions asked."

"But where is she?" asked Leon.

"Don't fret! I'll bring her now."

He was gone but a moment; but when he returned, his disguise had been thrown aside, and he stood before Leon Correo, no less a person than Wallace Lansing!

"Treachery, by Heaven!" exclaimed Leon, taking alarm at the altered appearance of his host, yet not fully able to recall to mind where he had seen that face.

"Yes, Leon—I have met treachery with treachery!"

"Who are you?" asked Leon, feeling stealthily for his revolver.

Wallace saw the movement, and he slipped quickly through the door, locking it behind him.

"Safe for two hours!" said he, passing out on to the street. "Ah! excuse me, sir—it was so dark—Wallis St. Clair, as I live!"

"Wallace Lansing!" was the exclamation of the man he had come in contact with.

"Yes, Wallace Lansing. But this is no time for explanations. Come with me!"

He led the way back into the house, St. Clair following mechanically. He knew that he was to meet something horrible, yet he dared not refuse.

Wallace listened at the door a moment, but all was silent within. He unlocked the door, and cautiously entered.

"Good God!" he exclaimed, horrified at the sight that met him.

Leon Correo was lying on the floor, in a pool of his own blood.

St. Clair had also entered the room.

"Oh, my God! my son! my boy!" he cried, throwing himself on the prostrate form—the parent's feelings outweighing every other consideration; while Wallace looked on in amazement at this new development.

"His son!" he murmured. "Is it possible?"

But Leon was speaking.

"I am done for, father. I did it myself. Tell Amy that I loved her, father. I am sorry—it is too late now. You killed her father, and you have had your revenge."

He paused a moment, and Wallace drew nearer.

"Ha! you here?" gasped Leon. "I don't know you, but I have seen you before. Good-by, father. I'm going. My love to Amy, and ask her to forgive me. Tell her—"

Thus ended the short life of Leon St. Clair.

We cannot mourn for him, but we can pity his victim.

Wallace withdrew, and left the father with his dead boy. When he returned, the spirit of Willis St. Clair had taken its flight to join Leon.

The same knife had rid each of the cares of this world.

Two wasted lives. Who can tell the hereafter?

Wallace left the house, and giving notice to the authorities, left them to perform the last sad rites.

His mission had been fearfully accomplished; the ending was terrible. Two instead of one. Father and son—authors of all the misery he had borne for years; yet he dropped a tear over their coffins, and humbly asked God to forgive them.

"And Amy?"

How his heart throbbed with anguish when he thought of the trusting woman waiting for her Leon!

"His death she must know. His awful wickedness—never! never!"

CHAPTER XIII.—WHO WAS THE FRIEND?—LOVE AT LAST.

EDITH found herself in very pleasant quarters. Either the few lines written on that little card, or the writer, had caused the hearts of the Consul and his wife to open toward Edith, and they strove to make her feel welcome, and her stay agreeable.

Not knowing how far it might be best to go with an explanation of her singular position, she wisely withheld it altogether, hoping that Dick would remove all necessity for any.

What a feeling of contentment, of perfect peace, a knowledge of safety after great perils, brings to one! It almost repays one for all the dangers met, and one is almost glad that the trials did come. Then it begets such gratitude toward the deliverer, and toward the everlasting Saviour who watches over us all.

Edith had similar thoughts the next morning. And she was thinking of the strange man with the strange name, that had been so kind to her; but in no wise could she imagine who he could be.

Thus we often overlook our nearest and dearest friends, simply because they are so near, and we know them so well. We see them so often in the every-day routine of life, that we grow to think them capable of nothing beyond.

If any one had hinted that possibly this rough-looking sailor was Wallace Lansing, she would have laughed at the idea. True, he had once saved her from a very disagreeable fall, perhaps saved her life; but there was very little courage or heroism required, and very little displayed. She had seen him leap fences and ditches on the chase, but she could do that once. She had been whole days with him, and saw nothing different from other men. Surely he was not the hero. No, no. Realizing that it required considerable courage to brave the anger of the villainous commander and crew of the *Jaguar*, she only gave Wallace a passing thought. No doubt he was at home, wondering, with the rest, where she could be, but making no very strenuous efforts to find her. No, it was not Wallace; but she wished that it might have been.

Following this train of thought, she was surprised when Wallace Lansing followed the Consul into the room.

He met her with his old smile, so quiet, so genial.

"Is my visit unexpected?"

"Quite so, Mr. Lansing. When did you arrive?"

"Last evening. I should have returned sooner, but urgent business required my attention."

His cheek paled for a moment as he thought of the terrible affair in that old house on the dark, narrow street, but he recovered quickly.

"Returned, Mr. Lansing?"

"You did not recognize me, then?"

"Recognize you? I have seen no one but the Consul and his wife since I landed."

"In my character as Whistling Dick?"

"Is it possible?" said Edith, amazed. "I am incredulous."

"I cannot blame you, Miss St. Clair," said the Consul. "I have seen him this morning in both characters, and I declare that I did not know

him when he called. But I must beg that you will excuse me now, Miss St. Clair. I will leave you in charge of Lansing; and if I am not deceived, you will not regret the change."

Edith could not keep back that color that reddened her cheeks and forehead, but she replied quite innocently:

"I am grateful for your kindness, señor. Do not let me keep you from your business."

It had been a query with Wallace whether to acquaint Edith with the particulars of Willis St. Clair's death and that of Leon, or even to let her know of the fact; but after looking at the case in every light, he did not see how he could keep it from her any length of time, so he made a clean breast of it at once, reserving her uncle's crime in murdering his (Lansing's) father.

It was difficult to determine whether Edith was the most amazed or shocked at these revelations. She could not be supposed to have much love or respect for Willis St. Clair, and none at all for her cousin Leon, and therefore could feel but little sorrow at their awful fate. Perhaps she pitied them some, after her amazement subsided, but more for their folly than their untimely end. She could only look upon that as a just penalty for their misdeeds. How much more so, had she known the whole truth!

Wallace spent the greater part of the day with her. Each had much to explain, and there was no time like the present.

Wallace drew aside that little curtain that he had thrown over his love—how it had grown—and revealed it in all its strength.

Edith, too, found that she had a little of the article; how long it had been in her possession, she could not tell, but it was there, and she made no attempt to conceal it. So they came to a full understanding in a very matter-of-fact manner. The result was fully as pleasant.

Wallace wrote several letters to New Orleans, which changed the entire tone of the paragraph relating to the elopement. Indeed, it deepened the mystery, but showed Edith in her true light, and dealt not unjustly with Willis St. Clair and his son Leon. He disliked to do it, but the honor of the living must be preserved, especially as he said nothing unjust of the dead.

CHAPTER XIV.—THE TRUTH AT LAST—FAITH AND HOPE.

GOOD Mrs. Townsend's watchful eye saw everything. When the paper was brought, she threw aside her work and ran over its columns before she allowed Amy to see it; therefore this last item in regard to Leon and his associate did not escape her. As there were no names given, she did not destroy the paper.

The deaths were not mentioned. In reality, the whole communication was quite vague, but Mrs. Townsend had her own thoughts. She felt that Leon's scheme had miscarried, and she feared that he would come back to see little Amy. What real joy it would give her! but who could hope that it would be lasting?

Yes, she feared that he would come, and for her own sake, she feared that he would not. What she bound this good woman to this bad man?

Amy's faith had abated not a whit. He would come.

"I do not see what should keep him so long," she said to Mrs. Townsend; "but I know he will come as soon as he can. Oh, if that troublesome business was all arranged, then—"

Her gaze wandered way off into vacancy, and little smiles dimpled her lips, thinking of that beautiful Cuban home and Leon.

"You do not think anything has happened, mother?"

"What could, Amy? But you know it is always best to be prepared. We are all liable to misfortune."

"If it should be!" and Amy's smile was not so hopeful.

It seemed almost cruel in Mrs. Townsend to call up such sad thoughts, but it was for the best. It prepared her for the blow that was surely coming—the blow which, without this preparation, would have crushed the fragile flower. It strengthened her, and taught her to look beyond this world for complete happiness.

One day there came a rap at Mrs. Townsend's door. She knew that knock, and she was glad that Amy was in her own room. She hastened to admit Wallace, and she knew by his careworn features that Amy's beautiful dream was over.

She gazed sharply into his face, as he stood there in the middle of the room, but he did not quail.

"No, Mrs. Townsend. Thank God! he died by his own hand."

The woman pressed her hand upon her heart, and Wallace thought she was going to faint, but she sustained herself.

"And Willis St. Clair?" she whispered.

"Gone with his son," said Wallace, solemnly.

"God forgive him!" said the woman, staggering to a seat, and covering her face.

Wallace was amazed at this exhibition of grief, but he asked no questions.

At last Mrs. Townsend became calm, and in a very few words told him all.

"Willis St. Clair was once my husband," said she. "I had not less faith in him than Amy has in my son Leon, but we were legally married. A few short years of happiness, and we parted. The Court allowed me my children, Leon and Nelly—both gone now—and also to take my maiden name. The father has never troubled me since, only to lead my boy to his own destruction. You know the rest. And now, what of Amy?"

"Can she bear it? She must never know all, and God pardon me if I tell her a falsehood."

"I think she can, Mr. Lansing. His death, but nothing more. I have tried faithfully to prepare her for it, for I knew it was coming."

"God bless you for it," said Wallace, pressing her hand. "Call her."

Amy heard Wallace when he entered, and her heart fluttered painfully. "Was it Leon?" When Mrs. Townsend opened the door, she ran to her, asking eagerly:

"Is it Leon? Don't say no? I'm afraid—"

"My poor little Amy, it is not Leon; but he has seen him, and can tell you all about him."

Without waiting to hear the last word, Amy flew down-stairs, followed by Mrs. Townsend, the good woman praying that she might be given strength to bear it.

Amy threw open the door, without one thought of who was there to meet her. She only knew that he could tell her about Leon; but when she saw Wallace standing there with open arms, she exclaimed in dismay:

"Oh, my brother! Wallace Lansing!"

"Yes, Amy. Come."

She looked up inquiringly at Mrs. Townsend, who had now reached her side.

"Go, Amy."

With a glad cry, she went and pillowed her head on her only brother's breast.

"Then you don't hate me?" she asked, still hiding her face.

"I love you, my sister, and always have. I have been searching for you a long time. You know I was away when you left."

"And I thought you hated me, Wallace. Oh, you good brother. But you know all about Leon?" she asked, suddenly remembering what she came for.

"Yes, Amy, I know all about him. He told me to tell you that he loved you so much, and to ask you to forgive him."

"What?"

The beautiful face was deathly white, the form rigid, and the eyes glaring.

"Did you love him so much?" asked her brother, alarmed, and sorry that he had commenced so abruptly.

"So much, Wallace!"

The question had driven away her fears for an instant.

"Could you part with him?"

"Tell me quick!" she exclaimed, the old fear coming back. "Tell me, Wallace! My beautiful Leon! Is he dead?"

"Poor little Amy!"

Wallace gently laid the rigid form upon the lounge, while Mrs. Townsend applied restoratives.

Wallace never left the house while the dreadful sickness lasted. More tenderly, more lovingly than a mother, did this noble-hearted brother watch by the side of his wronged but erring sister.

"She has lost her all," said he to Mrs. Townsend; "and when she awakes from this delirium, she must find a brother's love at her bedside."

She never awoke to consciousness.

PALM GROVE has witnessed many sorrows, and many joys, but never such happiness as now.

The disordered affairs left by Willis St. Clair have all been put in proper shape, and Edith has returned to her home, happy in the love of Wallace Lansing. She is his wife. There is nothing more to fear. The gloomy thoughts that once oppressed her, come no more. Her faith in Wallace is not less than Amy's, and she is reaping her reward.

Poor Amy! She is there, too; and Mrs. Townsend. The good woman never leaves her side. And she needs all this watchfulness, this tenderness, this love, for the light of reason shows no more in those beautiful eyes.

Harmless, patient, childlike, she talks of her Leon, the same as ever. She has a vague remembrance of the truth, yet she tells of the time when he will come and make her his little wife, and take her to his beautiful Cuban home. It is the remnant of that comforting religion taught her in childhood, and afterward awakened by Mrs. Townsend—her faith in immortality, hopelessly confounded with her faith in Leon St. Clair.

In a quiet spot not far from the mansion—a spot shaded by beautiful trees, perfumed by fragrant flowers, and shielded from the desecrating presence of strangers—stands a little white monument:

"Sacred to the memory of Leon Correo."

Amy knows him by no other name.

All that remains of the once too handsome Leon, lies beneath this marble.

Wallace Lansing's own hand has carried out the thought of his darling wife.

"It would so please poor Amy." And she loves "poor Amy," her darling sister.

And Amy is pleased. Every pleasant day Mrs. Townsend goes with her to this sacred spot, and drops a tear for her much-loved first-born; while cheerfully—even merrily, the faithful Amy chats about her Leon, and points to his last resting-place.

"I shall soon meet him, mother; and then, you know, for our beautiful Cuban home."

Mrs. Townsend wipes the tear from her eye, and pities her poor darling, suffering the penalty for that one false step; and she humbly gives thanks for the veil of semi-oblivion that shuts out the glare of the terrible truth, leaving only a subdued light, falling so gently, that Amy, suspecting nothing, lifts up her eyes in perfect trust, and murmurs:

"Yes; Leon will come soon."

THE END.

THE FITZASTOR TESTIMONIAL.

WE are a hearty lot in our county; old-fashioned, but cheerful; wealthy, but not ostentatious; hardly twelve miles from town, yet neighborly and social to a most rural extent, dropping in upon one another without ceremony, backbiting all who are absent, as if we were one large family. The favorite dinner-hour is five, and we play cards in the evening—the young people sitting down to whist; the old, to Pope Joan or loo. The modern spirit breaks out there; the juveniles (including all up to forty) don't care for round games with-

out gambling. Our doctor, too, is an innovator; he comes under the juvenile head, and is fond of prescribing champagne. He is also given to calling at medicine time, and as it is of great importance that the drug should be genuine, he kindly consents to taste it. However, as a rule, we are highly conservative at New Tadmor; and no wonder, for we have everything to lose, and nothing to gain, by any revolution of the wheel—a capital reason for keeping the drag on. This applies to poor as well as rich, for our local bequests, our almshouses, blanket funds, soup funds, have accumulated to such an extent, that any lazy pauper may live on dead charity, eked out with begging and petty larceny; but when I say "we," I allude to us—the society of New Tadmor.

We have no prejudice against modern games; we rather idolize croquet. There is no trouble in getting up any sort of a club, for our young men and maidens are ever on the lookout for opportunities of social, unceremonious intercourse; and as the vicar, a very decided, clear-headed, humorous man, whom we all believe in, takes our amusements in hand, and settles what the rules are to be, the pleasure of the many is not spilt by the disputes of the few. And then such prizes as we contend for! We are blessed with several old gentlemen, genial, but single, who cannot think of a better way of spending their superfluous wealth than in encouraging sports and pastimes. I doubt if there is a lady in the neighborhood who has not won a bracelet, a vinaigrette, a brooch, a châtelaine, or some such pretty knick-knack, by her bow or her mallet. Skill? Bless you! When the best shots and players are all decorated, we begin at the other end, and give rewards to the worst!

The secret of our comfort and happiness lies in our distinguishing virtue, a very rare one, especially in this country—lack of exclusiveness. By great luck, there is not a very big swell resident in the county; professional men are at the top of the tree.

Now, that we, the original residents, bound together by tradition, should interchange Testimonials amongst ourselves, is all very well; we like public dinners and speechifying thereafter, and the gift is more like a birthday present offered in a family than a mark of admiration. But it was rather hard on the tenants of the new neighborhood to expect them to subscribe; they knew nothing about the old New Tadmor families. However, the men who got up these affairs, being jolly, laughing souls, applied to all, more out of fun than anything else; "they did not like to deprive Mr. So-and-so, though he was a new-comer, of the privilege," etc.; and whatever Mr. So-and-so thought in his heart, he generally professed himself delighted to have the opportunity.

The most eager supporter of everything originating from the old set was Mr. Fitzastor, a gentleman who dropped suddenly in the new district, built himself a good house, furnished it ostentatiously, and endeavored strenuously from the first to "take a position," as he called it. He subscribed to everything; he lectured at our Institute; he gave entertainments which were described in high-flown fustian in the local papers; yet he was entirely unsuccessful. The fact is, that we New Tadmor folks are a set of laughers, and poor Fitzastor was so totally destitute of humor, that he could not perceive when he was making himself ridiculous. Then, again, his pretension set us inquiring, contrary to our wont, into his antecedents, which were mysterious, even as to his race. His features were cast in a mold which led Bonner to suggest that his name was a translation: Fitz Astor; Ben Astor; Ben Hahta; Benhadad. Bonner was a pitiless quiz, and the man he thus traced to Palestine was his constant butt; therefore when he proposed one evening, at a social gathering, that we should get up a Fitzastor Testimonial, we treated it as a joke.

"What are you all laughing at?" he asked. "I am quite serious. We have often paid a similar compliment to men who did not care an iota about it, and this one would be delighted beyond measure. Come, Millsaugh! you bled me first when you proposed a subscription for that piece of plate for the late minister: let me open your veins to start with, in return."

"The late minister!" cried Millsaugh. "That was a very different matter. We should always be ready to show our respect and esteem for one who has done his duty."

"But the late minister never did his duty; he left that to his reputation."

"Well, but he was an old friend, and his father had filled the pulpit before him."

"Oh, if you hang back, Harmon shall head the list. What shall I put you down for, Harmon?"

"A round O. I disapprove of testimonials; my parents brought me up never to encourage such nonsense, and I am a chip of the old block."

"I see, you are seasoned timber—you never give. What does Smith say?"

But to give Bonner's canvass in detail would be like writing out a page of Joe Miller: suffice it to say that he was not very successful either then or afterward, but by dint of perseverance he did get up a small list of grudging greenbacks, not one of which was subscribed from any other motive than the gratification of Bonner's curious whim. Taken on its merits, the Fitzastor Testimonial would never have risen to the height of "a trifle." As it was, the most careful calculators could only reckon up a collection of twenty-five dollars, and much amusement arose when Bonner announced that the piece of plate, a handsome silver salver, was ready for presentation, and that the 15th instant was the date of the interesting ceremony. Reception, of course, at the Institute, at the usual hour.

"Who will be there?" was asked. "You will, of course," replied Bonner: "I shall; everybody will. This is the first time any compliment has been paid to one of the new houses, and it would look very bad to let the affair go off coldly."

This was most audacious special pleading; for the "new houses" would have been disgusted indeed to have had Fitzastor put forward as their representative man, and the list of subscribers did not include one of them. However, curiosity and the prospect of fun caused the presentation ceremony to be well attended.

In the centre of the table stood on end the salver, bearing this inscription:

"Presented by the families of New Tadmor to Hiram Fitzastor, Esquire, in token of their respect for his virtues, their admiration of his talents, and their gratitude for the advantages his residence among them has conferred upon the neighborhood."

The speech with which Bonner presented the Testimonial was as burlesque as the inscription upon it. Never was the butter laded on so broadly and so thickly, in lumps, without any attempt at decent spreading; but Fitzastor lapped it all up volitionally, and his self-laudatory return of thanks was the richest treat of all.

There was no reporter present, and the waiters left the room when the cloth was drawn; yet we all looked in the columns of the New Tadmor Pillar next Saturday for a detailed account of the proceedings—and we found it.

This affair being happily settled, Mr. Bonner, who is a most enthusiastic party politician, was able to give up his whole time and thought to the result of the approaching County Election. All New Tadmor went one way, and after a hard struggle, the candidate who had our sympathies won by about fifty votes.

"Phew!" said Mr. Bonner to me, when all was over. "The Testimonial just pulled us through."

"Oh!" cried I, as a light flashed upon me, "that was it, was it?"

"That was it. Fitzastor has coal dépôts, timber dépôts, all sorts of yards in the country, and can do as he chooses with two hundred and twenty-three votes. I never bought anything of the kind so cheaply in my life. Twenty-five dollars! which shall be returned to the subscribers if they like; for of course Fitzastor paid the silversmith's bill himself, and the best of it is, that I defy any petition to touch the transaction."

That was "the best of it" in Mr. Bonner's estimation; in mine, "the best of it" is, that the custom of giving testimonials in New Tadmor must surely be doomed. Who would accept one now?

THE ROCHESTER MIRAGE.

AN uncommonly perfect refraction was witnessed from Rochester on the afternoon of Sunday, April 16th. Through the kindness of a witness, who corresponded first with the *Express* of that city, and afterward with this journal, we are enabled to lay before the public a sketch and a description. The afternoon was fine, the sun shining with remarkable clearness. The Sunday promenaders, wending by thousands to the splendid Cemetery at Mount Hope, approached a spectacle for which they were little prepared. The familiar panorama of the city of Rochester, ordinarily visible from the summit for several miles in either direction, had completely changed. No building, on this occasion, could be seen north of Main Street, nor any land between the city and Lake Ontario. But to replace this customary scene, there appeared in the north sky the waters of Ontario, lifted up to a false horizon including some miles of distance. The coast could be plainly described over a stretch of fifty miles, and so clearly at one time that the forests could at once be distinguished. Those present who were familiar with the Canada shore could readily make out Rice Lake, Belvidere, and other prominent points in Canada. The lake looked as though it had, by a deluging wave, rolled upon Rochester, and covered one-half of the city.

"As if suddenly by a great tidal-wave," writes our correspondent, "old Lake Ontario had burst her confines, and buried the entire north part of the city; and where generally thousands of buildings and churches are visible, nothing but the blue waves of the lake could be seen, while from her bosom was reflected back upon the beautiful sky above, one of God's grandest pictures—a mirage. Away to the right and left, as far as the eye could see, was the Canada coast; although separated from us by nearly one hundred miles, could be seen her shores, studded with mountains, hills, valleys, inland bays and lakes, rivers and forests; and so perfect at times that the sun's rays, shining on the barren sand cliffs, would illuminate their sides like dazzling mountains of glass."

THE MISSISSIPPI CREVASSE.

On Sunday, April 23d, news was flashed over the wires that the Mississippi had burst its artificial banks in the vicinity of New Orleans, and that the lower-lying portions of the city were about to be overflowed. The latter danger did not result, but the breach daily increased in width, and the destruction of engineering works was immense. Bonnet Carré, where the broadest crevice opened, is situated above New Orleans, and at the point at which the Mississippi makes nearest approach to Lake Pontchartrain. It has always been a point of great danger, and should have been watched with the greatest care. Instead of that, it has been studiously neglected. It was twelve hours before the fact of the crevasse was known to the State Engineer—forty-eight hours before an attempt was made on any adequate scale to check it, and then the effort was useless. The breach reached on April 26th the width of 1,100 feet, and through it the giant flood of the Father of Waters rolled, like a new Niagara.

Colonel Walton's calculation of the volume of water let out by the opening made, is 180,000 cubic feet per second, or one-sixth of the whole volume of the Mississippi. The cataract moved

toward Lake Pontchartrain with a rushing, roaring sound, audible for miles, plowing a channel fifty feet deep far into the vacant lands, while the levee rapidly crumbled into its boiling waters. Piles, four feet deep, driven twenty feet into the ground and packed with sandbags, were swept away like reeds. Bonnet Carré, the point at which the crevasse has burst through the levee, is forty-five miles above the city of New Orleans, on the left bank of the great river. It is remarkable for little except that it is a post town, and the capital of the Parish of St. John the Baptist. Between it and Lake Pontchartrain runs the New Orleans and Jackson Railroad, which was temporarily disabled by the disaster. The labor of months will be required to reinstate the channel of the river, for these overflows are always followed by a train of disastrous consequences. Crevassees are formed in the banks, into which the flat-boats are drawn and whirled through the swamps. Levees are raised for the purpose of preventing these overflows; and even these levees are sometimes swept away, as in this case reported by telegraph. Amongst their great enemies, next to the insidious assaults of the water, the amphibious animals, the muskrat and the crawfish, who burrow through them, making a passageway for the water, are to be feared most. Eternal vigilance is the price of the Mississippi planter's prosperity; and this disaster, occurring in a country not yet recovered from the devastations of civil war, calls for the sympathy of the whole community.

EARL DE GREY'S RECEPTION.

THE reception given by Earl de Grey, President of the Joint High Commission, at his residence on K Street, Washington, April 22d, was a most tasteful and splendid affair. Beautiful as have been many of the entertainments given during the past Winter, none have surpassed, and few given in private houses have equaled, this reception. The flowers used in decorations alone were a feast for the eyes. The large saloon-parlor and dining-room in the rear were used as reception-rooms, and the suite above, for ladies' and gentlemen's cloak-rooms. The garden, an uncommonly wide and deep one, was roofed, and doorways were made by means the bay-windows in the parlor and dining-room, from which steps descended to the walks below. This beautiful spot, the subject of our illustration, looked like a scene in fairyland. Imbedded in the earth were pots of blooming exotics, thus appearing to spring from the flower-beds spontaneously; the walks were covered with matting, rendering the desire to linger in this charming place a prudent one. The walls of the temporary building were hung with flags, and Chinese lanterns illuminated it. A band was stationed at one end, lending the charms of music to the other delights of the occasion. Refreshment-tables were placed in the garden, and dozens of attendants awaited the pleasure of the guests. The inclosed garden was very generally admired. English and American flags decorated three sides of the inclosure, and on the fourth a grove of evergreens had sprung up by the same magic that caused the countless flowers to blossom in their beds. A fountain sent forth a jet of pure water, its spray glittering in the light of the wax candles. At one end of the garden was the British Union Jack, and a crown wrought in flowers on a square of evergreens. On the piazza leading from the dining-room was placed in conspicuous position a portrait of General Washington, and one of Queen Victoria on one side and one of General Grant on the other. On this piazza the band were stationed, and near by was the refreshment-table.

Earl de Grey wore full Court dress—that is to say, his ribbon of the Order of the Garter was passed across his shoulder under his coat, which last was the conventional coat for evening dress. He wore silk stockings, with a ribbon, representing the Garter, on his left. Earl de Grey wore this Order as a special mark of respect to his guests. The members of the diplomatic corps, as a rule, all wore their respective Orders.

Lady Thornton and Lady Macdonald assisted the noble host in receiving. The ladies were dressed with great taste and elegance.

Some of the many guests were: Secretary Fish; Secretary Robeson; Secretary Boutwell, his wife and daughter; Judge and Mrs. Field; Judge and Mrs. Strong; Judge Swayne and his daughter; Senator Sprague; Judge Williams; Mr. and Mrs. Le Strange; Mr. and Mrs. Howard; Mr. and Mrs. George W. Riggs and daughter; the Spanish Minister and Mrs. Roberts; M. Batazzi; Commodore, Mr. and Miss Sands, and Admiral and Mrs. Hoff.

The reception, beginning late, broke up early, in order that the first hours of Sunday morning might not witness its continuance. The guests numbered between four and five hundred.

AMERICAN VISITORS AT THE PYRAMIDS OF EGYPT.

THE tide of travel this season, diverted from the American's paradise of Paris, will seek more distant channels. Those who like coolness and simplicity, will go fishing in Norway streams. Those who remember Herodotus with affection, will go to Egypt. The Pyramids, which were old and wonderful to that ancient traveler, seem little older now. They retain their supremacy as the largest edifices yet erected by the hand of man. Although stripped of their former envelopes of polished stone, the severe grace of their proportions is enough to make them charming to the eye. Travelers from our country who visit them are rather noted for their eccentricity and hardihood, and their contempt of conventionalities. The American tourist, exemplified in heroes such as that jolly "Innocent," Mr. Mark Twain, is the first who has succeeded in putting down the incorrigible Nile dragoman, and moderating

his eternal demand for backsheesh. American visitors have adopted the large wash-basin hat, common in Japan, and found to be the best protection against the sun. English tourists, however, generally cling to the hat and blue veil, so pleasantly reminding them of Derby and Wimbledon. The ascent of the Pyramids is fatiguing, the steep slopes being graduated by gigantic steps about four feet in height. Up these the traveler is urged, a panting victim, between two naked Arabs, one pulling and the other pushing; as these men wish to make the job a short one, the effect on the climber is disastrous. As for the Fellahs who act as guides, long practice has made their wind so perfect that they very commonly undertake, for a small gratuity, the feat of running down one of the Pyramids seen in our engraving, and up the other, at a rapid pace, without a moment's pause—a task utterly impossible to the strongest Western athlete.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

MRS. PRESIDENT LINCOLN is in Florence with Mrs. Bishop Simpson.

FOUR bird-fanciers in New York imported 45,000 canaries this Spring.

NEBRASKA is to have a large colony imported direct from England.

THE German Relief Fund amounted, in New York, April 26th, to \$209,849.91.

A GIRL ten years old has been arrested in London, England, for stealing babies.

ABOUT 200,000 hogsheds of sugar will be manufactured in Louisiana this year.

FARGO, the celebrated expressman, is building a modest residence at Buffalo, N. Y., at a cost of \$750,000.

KNOXVILLE boasts a darkey who earns fifteen cents by standing barefooted on a hot stove for two minutes.

NEW YORK has artificial-flower makers who earn \$50 per week, and ride to business in carriages when it rains.

FRUIT is abundant in Florida. Blackberries, raspberries and strawberries are selling at reasonable prices.

THE Japanese parasols, made of oiled paper, and mounted on bamboo sticks, are very much in vogue this season.

BISHOP CLARKE, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, is lying critically ill from nervous prostration and general debility.

PENNSYLVANIA has the largest assessed valuation of real and personal estate of any State in the Union—\$1,634,219,836.

THE fourteen thousand heathen Chinese in San Francisco own \$74,000 in real estate, and \$1,188,000 in personal property.

A RAILWAY station in New York State was recently set on fire by lightning, transmitted along the telegraph wires from a distant town.

METHODIST churches were built in this country, in 1870, at the rate of nearly four to every working day, the number being over 1,200.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON lectured the San Franciscans, April 24th, on the Immortality of their Souls. The novelty of the implication charmed them.

OVER two hundred people in Nantucket make a good living by digging clams for bait. Since the 1st of December 25,000 bushels have been dug and sold.

THE street railways of Philadelphia last year carried 55,400,926 passengers. During the year the accidents on the road were one killed and five injured.

E. W. STOUGHTON, of New York, has given \$10,000 to the support of a museum of pathological anatomy in the medical department of Dartmouth College.

HENRY BERGH having refused the contemplated testimonial of silver-service, it is proposed to erect in New York a drinking-fountain in honor of his humane works.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, a private in the Second Minnesota Volunteers, is the only pensioner of the United States who has lost both arms and both legs in the service of his country.

A TENNESSEE paper gives a definition of "Ku-Klux." It says the word is from the Greek *ku-klos*, a circle; or *kuklo*, to encircle; the encircled clan, or the night-invested clan.

A LADY in Dorchester, N. H., during the illness of her husband this Spring, tapped the sugar orchard, cut the wood, gathered the sap, and made alone four hundred pounds of sugar.

THE young Queen of Spain is not exactly what one would call a beauty, but she is said to have an amiable and tender expression about her face, a graceful bearing and commanding form.

MAURICE SAND, Madame Dudevant's son, is finishing a book, "The Shame of France," which is eagerly looked for abroad, as it is said to contain much of the secret history of the Second Empire.

MRS. HENRY, a popular preacher in Missouri, acts as pastor, does the singing for the congregation, preaches three times a week, looks after the morals of the members, and takes care of six little children. This is the record of a busy life.

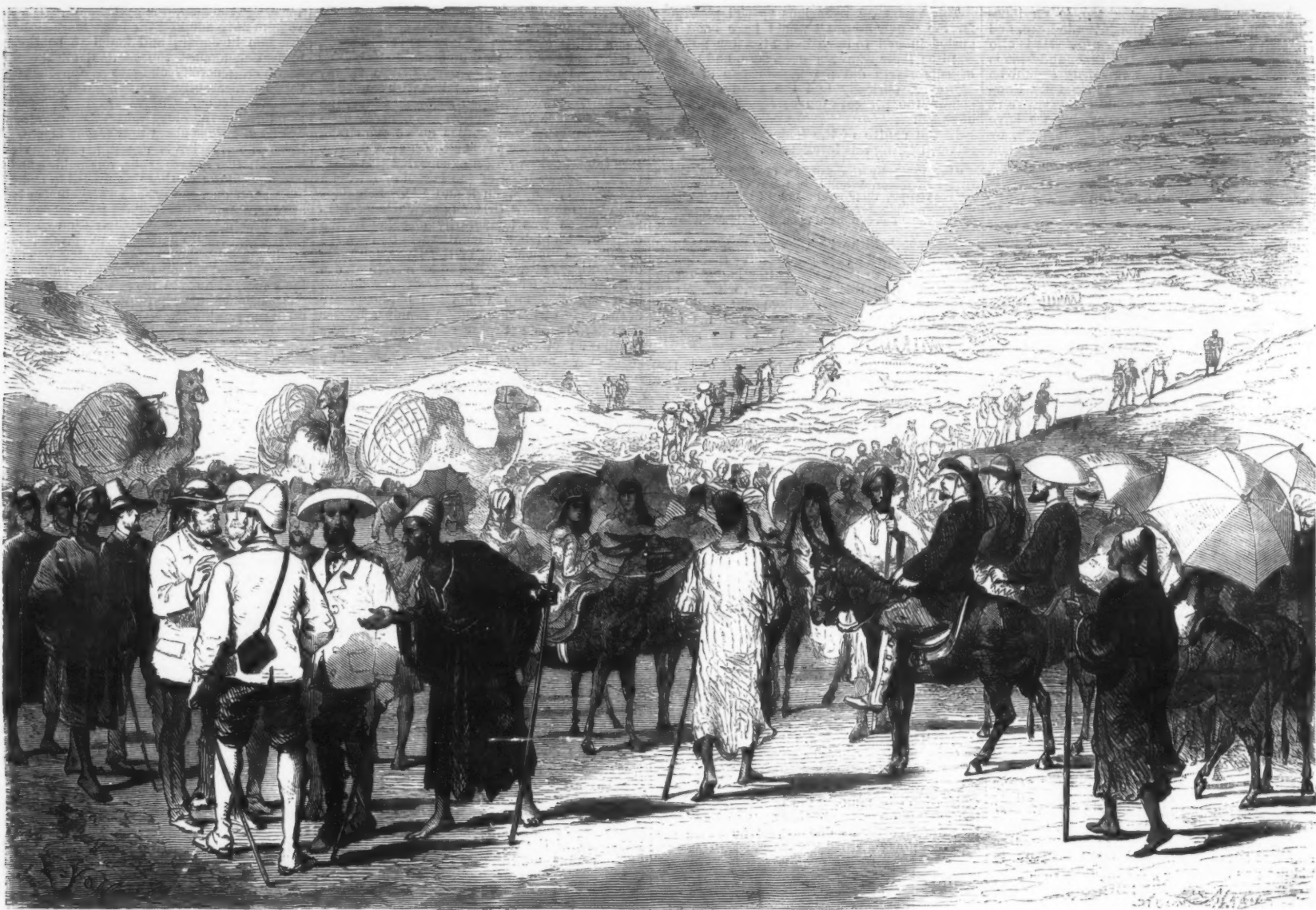
SERIOUS riots have occurred at Bucharest in consequence of the celebration, by the German residents, of the Emperor's birthday. The hall in which the Germans were assembled was demolished by the mob, and several persons were wounded.

THE Princess of Wales is described as looking very thin and worn, with a lovely face, so full of sadness as to be pathetic. She is said to have lost in a few years all the freshness and bloom of youth, which, at the time of her nuptials, was the theme of praise throughout England.

ACCORDING to the Blair Register, tree-planting in Nebraska is prosecuted at a lively rate. One day sixteen thousand young trees passed through that town to farmers further west. A company of Swedes had contracted for twelve thousand cotton-woods to set out on their farms.

CALIFORNIA announces another remarkable discovery. A description of grass has been found that will live through dry Summers, and the seed is being sown widely over that State. It is called "alfalfa," and a single house in San Francisco sold two thousand pounds of it in one day.

THE ex-King George of Hanover is out-doing Charles V. in his eccentricities. He not only regards himself as fitted for death, but believes he is actually dead. One of his favorite amusements is to walk about the house in a shroud, and to sleep at night in a coffin, which he declares soter than a bed of elder-down.



EGYPT.—AMERICAN VISITORS ABOUT TO ASCEND THE PYRAMIDS.—SEE PRECEDING PAGE.

THE SMALLPOX PANIC.

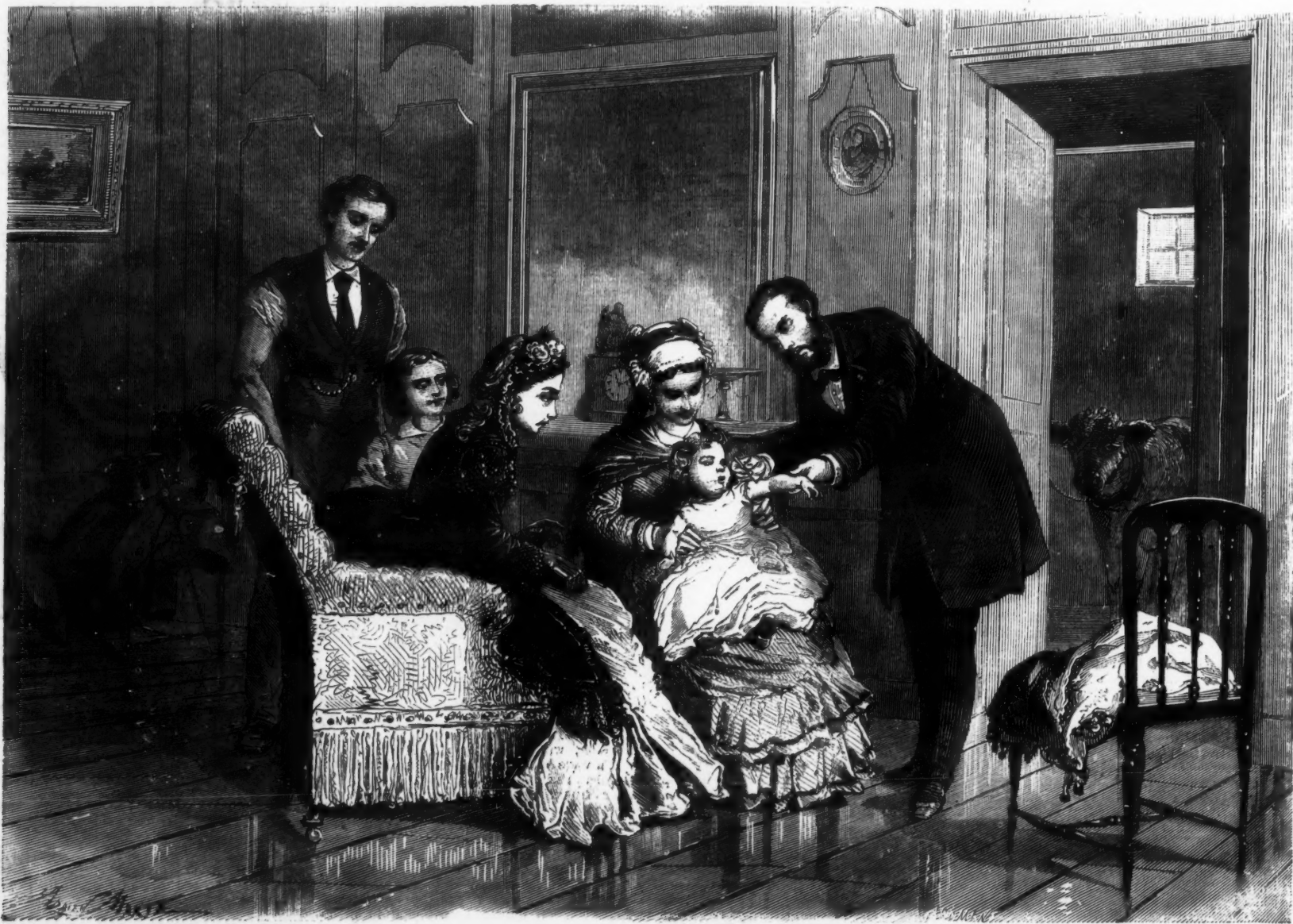
THE widespread smallpox panic, in Europe and in this country, is not without its familiar and parlor-comedy aspect. Our engraving represents a pretty little scene in the office of a popular physician. A fashionable mother has

read in the morning paper of the extension of the pest to her own neighborhood—previously thought to be “exclusive” and unassailable by plebeian troubles, but now attacked by the vulgar and loathsome of intruders. The French *bonne* is summoned, the lady’s street-tollet is completed more quickly than ever before, the

precious son and heir is caught up hatless and in his white breakfast-dress, and the husband himself, half laughing and half frightened, is impressed into the measure. It is a family vaccination, and the wise doctor, with the freshness of his *virus* certified by the palpable proof of a live helper in the adjoining room, compli-

ments the lady’s prudence as he inoculates the party in a family group.

It is the prolongation to our century of an interesting scene in the last, when Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, on arriving in England from the East, introduced to Europeans the system of vaccination, by risking it on



THE SMALLPOX PANIC—SCENE IN A PHYSICIAN'S OFFICE.

the person of her own baby and first-born, afterward Edward Wortley Montagu.

GUARDING WHAT THEY HAVE CONQUERED.

THE delights of conquest are not very highly appreciated, for the moment, by these officers who are garrisoning the neighborhood of Metz. Installed in a chateau, in the little village of Marly, near the celebrated stronghold of Metz, they are obstinately refused, by the still loyal inhabitants, the commonest comforts of home life. Herr Puffendorf, who is so dismally tying on his own nightcap at the candlestand, is thinking, with dismay, of the dreary night before him in the state-bed, which, though it retains its splendid curtains, is a mere nest of straw and vermin. Not a valet will hire with Herr Puffendorf, and he wonders whether he can ever again play the part of a dandy under the Lindens of Berlin. Around him his staff, mocked with the externals of tapestry,

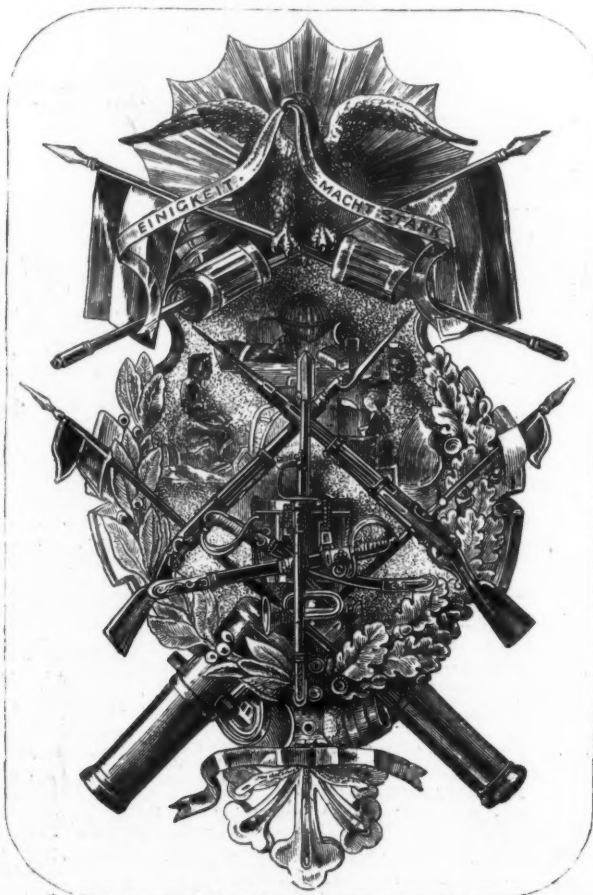


GERMAN OFFICERS IN NIGHT-QUARTERS AT A CHATEAU IN MARLY, NEAR METZ, FRANCE.

and cornices, and carved tables, throw themselves upon straw in the midst of all the splendor, which the vulgarity of the flaring tallow-candles does its best to spoil. They are miserable, lonely, and insulted every day. But they are the martyrs of conquest—and Metz is Germany's!

AMERICAN PRESENTS TO COUNT VON MOLTKE AND THE CROWN-PRINCE.

IN Philadelphia, the German Peace Jubilee, corresponding to that held in New York on Easter Monday, will take place the middle of May. Meantime, the sympathy of the Philadelphia Germans has taken a definite patriotic shape, and presents have been sent to the Crown-Prince and to Count von Moltke. To the one, a sword of victory; to the other, a trophy of success. They are both represented in our engravings. The trophy is of gold and silver. The top is formed by a golden eagle bearing a scroll and legend in its talons, which rest upon the intersection of two spears; below it are crossed rifles, swords, etc., and the base is composed of cannon, terminating in scrollwork. The shield



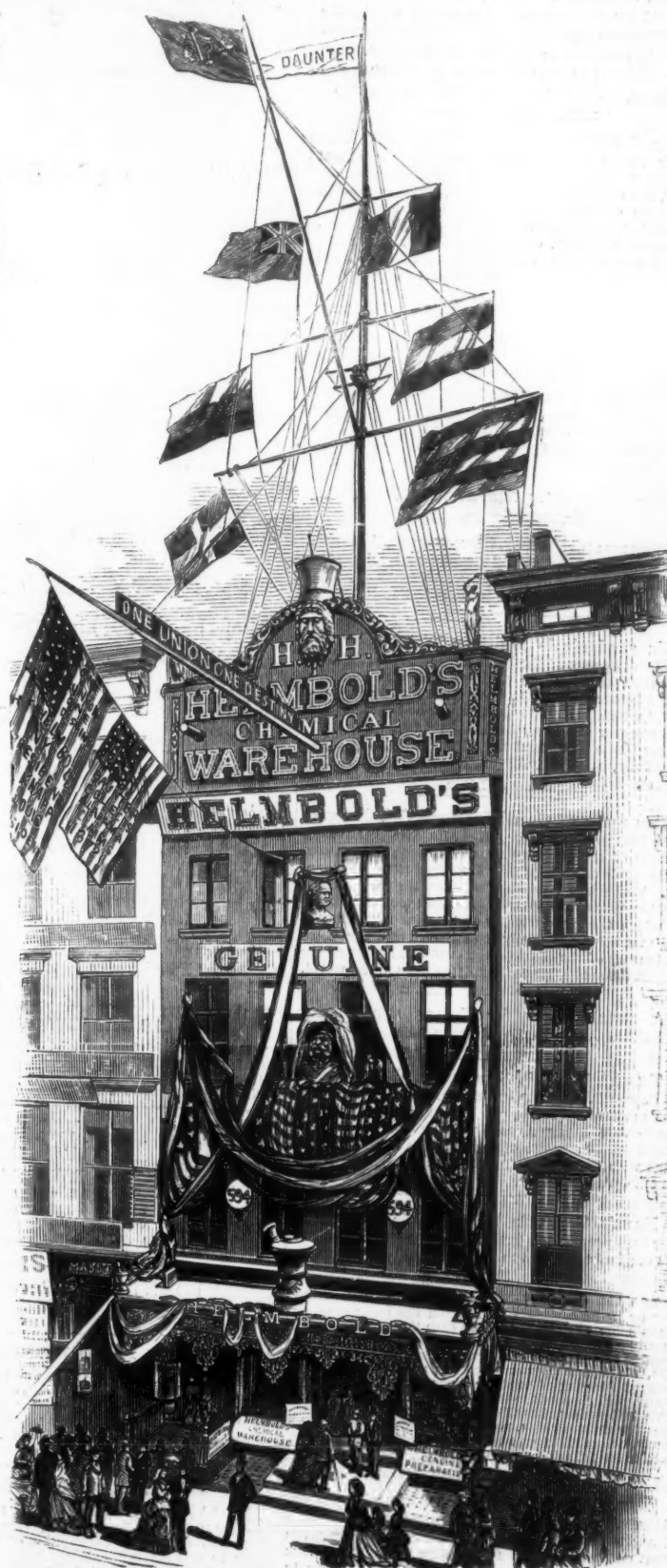
TESTIMONIALS SENT FROM PHILADELPHIA TO THE GERMAN CROWN-PRINCE AND VON MOLTKE.—TROPHY FOR VON MOLTKE.

itself is edged with oak and laurel, and is engraved with emblematic devices. The sword is a splendidly finished sabre, with a finely mounted scabbard. The whole gift cost about two thousand dollars.

HELMBOLD'S DRUG PALACE.

We very much doubt if there is a man living who has studied the secrets of judicious advertising so thoroughly and successfully as Dr. H. T. Helmbold. His establishments in Philadelphia and at No. 594 Broadway, New York, have long been regarded as models in every respect of a first-class drug store. The Broadway warehouse has lately been considerably enlarged, and it is but a few days since a second store was opened in the Gilsey House, on the corner of Broadway and Twenty-ninth Street.

The lower Broadway house is, like the others, fitted up in a most liberal manner; but it has the extra attraction of novel decoration. Upon the roof masts have been rigged with spars and tackle, presenting the appearance of a large vessel gliding along the roof. Two black cannon, ready shot, are



NEW YORK.—HELMBOLD'S DRUG PALACE, NO. 594 BROADWAY, AS DECORATED FOR THE GERMAN PEACE JUBILEE OF APRIL 10TH.

thrust through the large sign, while flags and pennants wave in fine marine style from the spars and topmasts. This feature, with a profuse decoration of the facade of the building, was one of the most notable objects along the route of the great German peace procession in New York.

The interior of the building shows the utmost completeness in the methods of arrangement and ornamentation. Among the hundreds of persons who visit the premises daily, there are many young druggists who studiously note the attractiveness of the store, and return to their own cities to arrange their business-places accordingly.

The soda-water fountain is a gem of richness in its way, being of the finest marble, admirably set off with silver, and costing \$8,000—while the accompanying furniture aids in rendering this the most luxurious resort for imbibing cooling waters.

Mr. Helmbold is small in stature, very fond of company, and of a jovial disposition.



SWORD FOR THE CROWN-PRINCE.

As the warm weather approaches, and heavy, lumbering bedsteads become not only uncomfortable, but unhealthy, our readers will do themselves a service by inspecting the very large assortment of bedsteads, cribs, and cradles of the Tucker Manufacturing Company, of New York and Boston. These are light and portable, requiring but one mattress, they having a spring-bottom attached, and are handsomely finished in bronze. They vary in price from \$5 to \$125. The company also manufacture folding wood-cots with spring-bottoms attached, which are admirably suited to use in steamers, hotels, and country-houses, as they may be folded and packed in a closet. The well-known Tucker Patent Spring-Bed, which has been thoroughly tested during a period of twenty years, is manufactured by this house for the trade generally. Their assortment of gas and kerosene fixtures are of the neatest styles and most attractive finish, great care being taken in the selection of the material and the workmanship.

ZOEIATION, or Oxygenated Cod Liver Oil, positively cures Consumption, Scrofula, Cancer and blood diseases where all other remedies have failed. Benj. Rotton & Co., Cloverine Chemical Works, P. O. Box 120, Brooklyn, N. Y. 809-821

In this age of great inventions, somehow mechanics appear to have given particular attention to the requisites of a first-class sewing-machine, and new specimens of this useful apparatus are being presented continually to the public. We have taken pleasure in making a careful examination of the patent link-motion machines of the Brees Company, and, for reasons that will be obvious to all who do likewise, prefer them for general domestic use. They are constructed in a thorough manner, may be run at the greatest possible speed without shaking a house to pieces, and make the stitches true, even and fast. In the use of those machines, we are confident that ladies will find a wonderful saving in expense, time and annoyance, while the work will testify to its own thoroughness.

Why not get rid of that red, rough, and freckled complexion, when it can be so easily exchanged for transparent and marble purity by the use of Hagan's Magnolia Balm? Its effects are charming. Why not restore, save and soften your hair, which is so certain to be done if you use Lyon's Celebrated Kathairon, the best dressing in the world? 812-15

THE CONSEQUENCES OF THE WAR.—The fears which ladies expressed, that the terrible ordeal through which *La Belle France*, and more especially Paris, have passed, would lead to a short supply of Rimmel's celebrated Perfumery, so justly valued as surpassing all rivals, have not been fulfilled, as Messrs. Edwards & Russell, of 38 Vesey Street, New York, special representatives of the Great Perfumer, are always receiving complete assortments of every description of his famous manufactures. We notice that the best drug-stores are well supplied with Rimmel's Perfumery.

INTERESTING TO LADIES.

I HAVE had the Grover & Baker Family Sewing Machine about ten years. It has been a rare prize. I have not paid out a single dollar for repairs. It is so simple, and the stitch so durable, that I would not change it for any other.

MISS M. E. FITCH,
793 Superior Street, Cleveland.

CHROMOS and Frames, Stereoscopes, Albums, Photographic Materials and Graphoscopes, imported and manufactured by E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO., 591 Broadway, N. Y., opposite Metropolitan Hotel.

We send single Waltham Watches by express to any part of the United States, and allow the purchaser to open the package and examine the watch before paying the bill. Send for our "Price List," which gives full particulars, and please state that you saw this advertisement in "FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER." HOWARD & CO., No. 865 Broadway, N. Y. All prices reduced since February 1st.

THE series of Grand Diamond Gift Concerts to be held in Washington, D. C., for the benefit of the victims of the French war, will be one of the most remarkable of its kind ever inaugurated in this country. The prizes consist of diamonds of the richest sparkle, valued at \$860,000. We have seen certificates by which the responsibility and business integrity of the managers are firmly established, and the value and purity of the diamonds guaranteed by one of the largest firms of manufacturing jewelers in the world.

A SURE remedy for CHILLS and FEVER. AYER'S AGUE CURE never fails.

The Philadelphia Sunday School Times says of George P. Rowell & Co., of New York: "They are the most enterprising, prompt, systematic, and reliable Advertising Agents with whom we are acquainted. We have had some most satisfactory dealings with them in some extensive advertising plans in our own business."

HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer—the best preparation extant for restoring gray hair to its original color, and to keep it so.

If a life-renewing fountain, like that sought for by De Soto, should burst from the earth at every man's door, thousands would turn their backs on the healing springs, within arm's reach, to run after pretended remedies. The observant, everywhere, accept Dr. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS as the greatest medicinal blessing of modern times; but, on the other hand, multitudes dose themselves with poisons, while this well-spring of health is accessible to all. It purifies the animal fluids, regulates every function of the body, calms the nerves, invigorates the vital organs, and is an unfailing specific for indigestion.

The feature of ready-measure adopted by Messrs. Freeman & Burr, the well-known clothiers of Nos. 133 and 140 Fulton Street, New York, has given that enterprising firm a reputation for accurate work throughout the entire country. Persons living in Louisiana, Washington Territory, or other remote localities, can send on an order for a suit of clothing,

with a careful measure of their bodies, and by means of the graduating scale, Messrs. Freeman & Burr will return the suit warranted to be made up to the full measure, and that at a much lower price than is charged by other houses.

HITCHCOCK, the popular publisher of cheap music, has removed to No. 29 Beekman Street, where he is fitting up a model repository for musical works. The careful selection of vocal and instrumental pieces, the fine quality of paper used, and the very low figure at which he sells all the favorite gems, have secured such demands for his works, that enlarged quarters are absolutely necessary.

ALBRO & BROTHERS, of 156 Bowery, enjoy unusual facilities for keeping on hand a full list of the choicest Teas. These are of the purest quality and highest flavor, and, owing to the extensive connections of the firm in China and Japan, can be relied upon as being dried and prepared with the highest regard for health. The Wines and Brandies of Albro & Brothers have been selected with the same care, and are consequently free from impurities.

ANY YOUNG LADY WHO WILL forward her address, with four two-cent postage stamps inclosed, will receive the first four numbers of **ONCE A WEEK**.

FRANK LESLIE'S PUBLISHING HOUSE,
537 PEARL STREET, N. Y.

For Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan,

USE PERRY'S MOTH and FRECKLE LOTION. It is reliable and harmless. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond Street, New York. Sold by druggists everywhere. 809-20



SOUPS AND BEEF TEA FOR THE MILLION. STRENGTHENING! NOURISHMENT! Economy in housekeeping! LIEBIG'S COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. Recommended by the Faculty. Received the highest prizes at Paris, Havre and Amsterdam. Is supplied to the British, French, Russian, Prussian and United States Governments. None genuine without the signature of BARON LIEBIG, the inventor, on every jar. Agents—New Orleans, E. J. HART & CO.; San Francisco, CHURCH & CLARK; General Agents for the United States, J. MILHAU'S SONS, 183 Broadway, New York.

\$860,000.

THE Great Diamond Gift Concerts

WILL BE HELD IN WASHINGTON, D. C., JULY 5TH, UNDER DIRECTION OF COMMITTEES FROM ALL CITIES, WHEN

\$860,000 in GENUINE DIAMONDS,

Constituting the Largest and most Valuable Collection in the world, will be distributed to Ticket-buyers.

THERE ARE 9,650 PRIZES, EVERY PRIZE A GENUINE DIAMOND,

From the Imperial Set of \$30,000, to the Smallest Single Gem of \$55.

LOOK AT THE CIRCULARS OF THE DAY.

Call upon Our Agents, AND EXAMINE THE CERTIFICATES OF THE LEADING MEN OF THE COUNTRY, Guaranteeing and Securing every Point. **Tickets \$6.00.**

J. L. ROBERTSON & CO., Agents, 678 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

National Bank of the Republic, Depository. Tickets for sale at P. C. DEVELIN'S, 31 Nassau Street; Ticket Offices of Principal Hotels; DELMONICO'S; A. M. CONKLIN'S, corner 34th Street and Broadway.

THE GREAT Hair Coloring! BARRY'S SAFE HAIR DYE will give any shade, from a light reddish brown to a clear jet black. It is a wonderful discovery, being safe for the most delicate.

SODA FOUNTAINS—Best and Cheapest: \$40 to \$100. J. CHAPMAN & CO., Madison, Ind.

THIS IS NO HUMBUG! BY SENDING 30 CENTS and STAMP, with age, height, color of eyes and hair, you will receive, by return mail, a correct picture of your future husband or wife, with name and date of marriage. Address, W. FOX, P. O. Drawer No. 38, Fultonville, N. Y. 808-820-0

REMOVAL. BROADWAY OFFICE of the EMPIRE LAUNDRY Removed from 1205 to 1207, next door above. Every description of Laundry Work done in the finest manner. Ladies' Suits, Gent's Coats, Vests, and Pants, a Specialty. Goods called for and delivered free of charge. Laundry, 331, 333, and 335 East Fifty-third Street.

H. O'Neill & Co.

HAVE

OPENED THEIR NEW STORES, 327 and 329 Sixth Avenue, between Twentieth and Twenty-first Streets, with a COMPLETE ASSORTMENT of

FRENCH and ENGLISH MILLINERY GOODS, all of the LATEST IMPORTATIONS.

WILL OPEN THIS WEEK,

50 doz. FRENCH CHIP HATS, just received, \$3. Sold on Broadway at \$6.

75 doz. LEIGHORN FLATS, from \$1.20 to \$7.

LEIGHORN BONNETS, all the newest shapes.

WHITE PAMELA HATS from 40c. to 75c.; sold elsewhere for 75c. and \$1.

Complete assortment of STRAW GOODS.

WILL OPEN THIS WEEK,

A full and complete line of GROS-GRAIN SASH RIBBONS, all new Spring shades, at greatly reduced prices.

50 Cartons of SCOTCH PLAID SASH RIBBONS, 70c.; worth \$1.

50 Cartons of BLOCK PLAID, 95c.; formerly \$1.35.

50 Cartons of FANCY PLAID, \$1; formerly \$1.50.

Best assortment of GROS-GRAIN BONNET RIBBONS in the city, and the cheapest.

JUST RECEIVED,

500 Cartons of FRENCH FLOWERS, finest imported.

WILL OPEN THIS WEEK,

Full Line of SAMUEL COURTAULD & CO.'S

ENGLISH BLACK CRAPES.

WILL OPEN THIS WEEK

500 Doz. LUPIN'S Famous TWO-BUTTON KID GLOVES, \$1.25.

500 Doz. Extra Quality, \$1.43; sold elsewhere, \$2.

All New Spring Shades.

LATEST NOVELTIES in SPRING SCARFS & TIES.

DOTTED NETS FOR VAILS,

THREAD LACES,

TRIMMING LACES.

Ladies will please call and examine our stock of CHIP and LEIGHORN HATS, as they are

50 PER CENT. BELOW BROADWAY PRICES.

All goods marked in plain figures.

H. O'Neill & Co., 327 & 329 Sixth Ave.,

Between 20th and 21st Streets.

MEARES' PARAGON SHIRTS, made to order of best materials, and

WARRANTED TO FIT.

Sent by express, C. O. D., to any part of the country at the following rates:

6 Shirts, good muslin and linen fronts, \$9.

6 Shirts, better muslin and good linen, \$10.50.

6 Shirts, Masonville muslin and fine linen, \$12.

6 Shirts, Wamsutta muslin and very fine linen, \$13.50.

6 Shirts, New York Mills and best linen, \$15.

Directions for measurement forwarded on application.

RICHARD MEARES,

Corner Sixth Avenue and Nineteenth Street.

FORD'S, 311 SIXTH AVENUE,

Between Nineteenth and Twentieth Streets.

French Gros-Grain Ribbons, in all the New Shades.

Black Gros-Grain, all Silk, bonnet width, 50c.

Ladies' Silk Neckties, yard and quarter long, 30c.

Long Fringe Neckties, 50c.; worth 75c.

Roman Neckties, all colors, 30c., selling fast.

Go to FORD'S

For Flowers and Straw Goods.

Entire New Stock of Millinery Goods, Thread Laces, Black Silk and Blond Laces.

Dotted Nets for Vails, 55c., 75c., \$1; cheap goods.

Go to FORD'S

For Made-up Lace Goods.

Our prices are 50 per cent. lower than elsewhere, as all goods are made on the premises.

Valencienne Lace Collars, 20c., 50c., 75c.; latest styles.

Lace Sleeves, 75c., \$1, \$1.15; newest patterns.

Lace Hdks., linen Cambric centre, 50c., 75c., \$1.

Go to FORD'S

For Embroideries. Great Clearing Out Sale.

Fine Edgings, reduced to 75c.; former price, \$1.

Fine Edgings, reduced to 50c.; former price, 75c.

Fine Edgings, reduced to 35c.; former price, 50c.

5,000 yds. of Hamburg Embroideries, 10c., 12c., 15c., 20c.

CHEAPEST GOODS IN THE CITY.

ONE PRICE ONLY.

ALL GOODS MARKED IN PLAIN FIGURES.

FORD'S, 311 SIXTH AVENUE,

Between Nineteenth and Twentieth Streets.

SPENCERIAN

STEEL PENS

Manufactured by the Original Inventor of Steel Pens.

THE CELEBRATED durability and perfection of

action of these Pens are owing to a peculiar process

of Carbonizing, and to the great care taken in their

manufacture by the most skilled and experienced

workmen in Europe.

They are a nearer approximation to the real

SWAN QUILL than anything hitherto invented.

For sale by Dealers generally.

32 SAMPLE CARD, containing all the

14 numbers, artistically arranged and securely

inclosed, sent by mail on receipt of 25 CENTS.

IVISON, BLAKEMAN, TAYLOR & Co.,

814-17 138 & 140 Grand Street, New York.

HINKLEY KNITTING MACHINE.

THE SIMPLEST, CHEAPEST and BEST in USE! HAS BUT

ONE NEEDLE! A CHILD CAN RUN IT!

Agents Wanted in Every Town.

Send for Circular and Sample Stocking, to

HINKLEY KNITTING MACHINE CO.,

Bath, Me. 802-14

Agents! Read This!

WE WILL PAY AGENTS A SALARY

OF \$30 PER WEEK and expenses, or allow a

large commission, to sell our new and wonderful in-

ventions. Address M. WAGNER & CO., Marshall,

Mich. 806-30

HARTSHORN'S SHADE ROLLERS.

NO CORDS or BALANCES USED.

To be had at all upholsterers'. Price-Lists and

Models supplied to the trade. 486 BROADWAY, N.Y.

815-18



UNDERGARMENTS.

LADIES', GENTLEMEN'S and CHILDREN'S Silk Gauze and Gossamer Merino Vests and Drawers; Medicated Scarlet Dito, etc., etc.; also,

LADIES', GENTLEMEN'S and YOUTHS'

FURNISHING GOODS

Of Every Description.

HOSIERY.

SPRING and SUMMER supply NOW

OPEN of

LADIES' REAL BALBRIGGAN HOSE, in Sandal Lace

and Embroidered.

LADIES' and CHILDREN'S IMITATION BALBRIG-

GAN HOSE.

LADIES' and CHILDREN'S SILK and SPUN HOSE,

in Tartans and Fancy Stripes.

ENGLISH and GERMAN LISLE THREAD HOSE,

Plain and Open Work.

LADIES' and CHILDREN'S FANCY LISLE THREAD

and COTTON HOSE.

LADIES' SILK and LISLE THREAD OPERA HOSE.

MEN'S COTTON, LISLE THREAD.

REAL and IMITATION BALBRIGGAN.

PLAIN and FANCY SILK HALF-HOSE of every de-

scription.

AT EXCEEDINGLY LOW PRICES.

N. B.—SHIRTS, COLLARS and CUFFS to order at

short notice.

INDIA SHAWLS.

THE LARGEST and MOST COMPLETE

STOCK of NEW and BEAUTIFUL

INDIA CAMEL'S HAIR SHAWLS

ever before exhibited (at any one time), and on sale

at FAR LOWER PRICES than Shawls of this descrip-

tion have ever been offered. An inspection respect-

fully solicited.

HOUSEHOLD LINENS,

QUILTS, Etc.

SEVERAL HUNDRED DOZEN

of TURKISH TOWELS, WHITE and BROWN,

25 PER CENT. UNDER USUAL PRICES.

A large lot of the best BARNESLEY TABLE LINEN,

from 1 1/2 to 2 1/2 yards wide. These are extra superior

qualities, and will wear better than any goods of the

kind in the trade, and can be CONFIDENTLY RE-

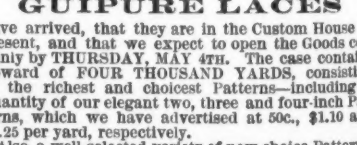
COMMENDED.

IRISH, SCOTCH and BARNESLEY SHEETINGS, in all

widths.

60 BALES RUSSIA CRASH—VERY LOW PRICES.

MARSEILLES QUILTS in every size and quality.



Announcement

Extraordinary!

FROM

EHRICH'S

Temple of Fashion.

287 EIGHTH AVENUE.

IN ANSWER to NUMEROUS</



APRIL, MAY and JUNE, purify the blood and beautify the complexion by using **HELMHOLD'S CATAWBA GRAPE-JUICE PILLS**, and **HELMHOLD'S HIGHLY CONCENTRATED FLUID EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA**. In the Spring and Summer months the system undergoes a change. This is the time to use good blood-renewing, purifying and invigorating medicines. "Helmhold's Fluid Extract Sarsaparilla" and "Helmhold's Fluid Extract Grape-Juice Pills" are the best and most reliable. One bottle of "Helmhold's Fluid Extract Sarsaparilla" equals in strength one gallon of the syrup or decoction as made by druggists; and a wineglass added to a pint of water equals the celebrated Lisbon Diet Drink—a delightful and healthful beverage. The "Grape-Juice Pill" is composed of Fluid Extract of Catawba Grape-Juice and Fluid Extract Rhubarb. Useful in all diseases requiring a cathartic remedy, and far superior to all other purgatives, such as salts, magnesia, etc. "Helmhold's Grape-Juice Pill" is not a patented pill, put up as those ordinarily vended, but the result of ten years' experimenting and great care in preparation. Safe for and taken by children. No nausea; no griping pains; but mild, pleasant, and safe in operation. Two bottles of the "Fluid Extract of Sarsaparilla" and one bottle of the "Grape-Juice Pills" are worth their weight in gold to those suffering from bad blood, poor complexion, headache, nervousness, wakefulness at night, constiveness, and irregularities; and to those suffering from broken and delicate constitutions it will give new blood, new vigor, and new life. The "Catawba Grape Pills" are done up with great care, and in handsome bottles, and will surpass all those vended in wooden boxes, and carefully prepared by inexperienced men, comparing with the English and French style of manufacturing. All of H. T. Helmhold's preparations are Pharmaceutical, not a single one being patented, but all on their own merits. Prepared by **H. T. HELMBOLD, Practical and Analytical Chemist, Crystal Palace Pharmacy, 594 Broadway, New York.** P. S.—HELMHOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU has gained a world-wide fame. 814-65

GRAND OPENING

AT

LYLE'S

NEW STORE,

375 and 377 6th Ave., Cor. 23d St.,

ON
THURSDAY, MAY 4TH.
FRIDAY, MAY 5TH.
SATURDAY, MAY 6TH.

SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS EACH DAY.

THE SAME LOW PRICES will be maintained at the Opening as those which caused such an excitement during our clearing out sale before moving.

REMEMBER, THURSDAY, MAY 4TH.

See Morning Papers for further particulars.

ALEXANDER LYLE.

REDUCTION OF PRICES

TO CONFORM TO

REDUCTION OF DUTIES.

Great Saving to Consumers BY GETTING UP CLUBS.

Send for our New Price-List, and a Club Form will accompany it, containing full directions—making a large saving to consumers, and remunerative to club organizers.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,
31 & 33 VESEY STREET,
P. O. Box 5,643. New York.

AN
**INDEPENDENT
FORTUNE**
IN
SIX MONTHS.

IT CAN BE MADE BY MEN WHO know how to do business on the quiet and can keep a secret. No communications received from Ladies will be answered. For particulars, address

ETHAN GILBERT,

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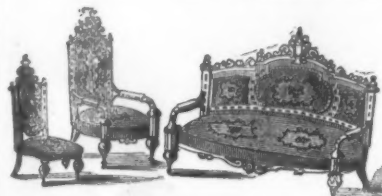
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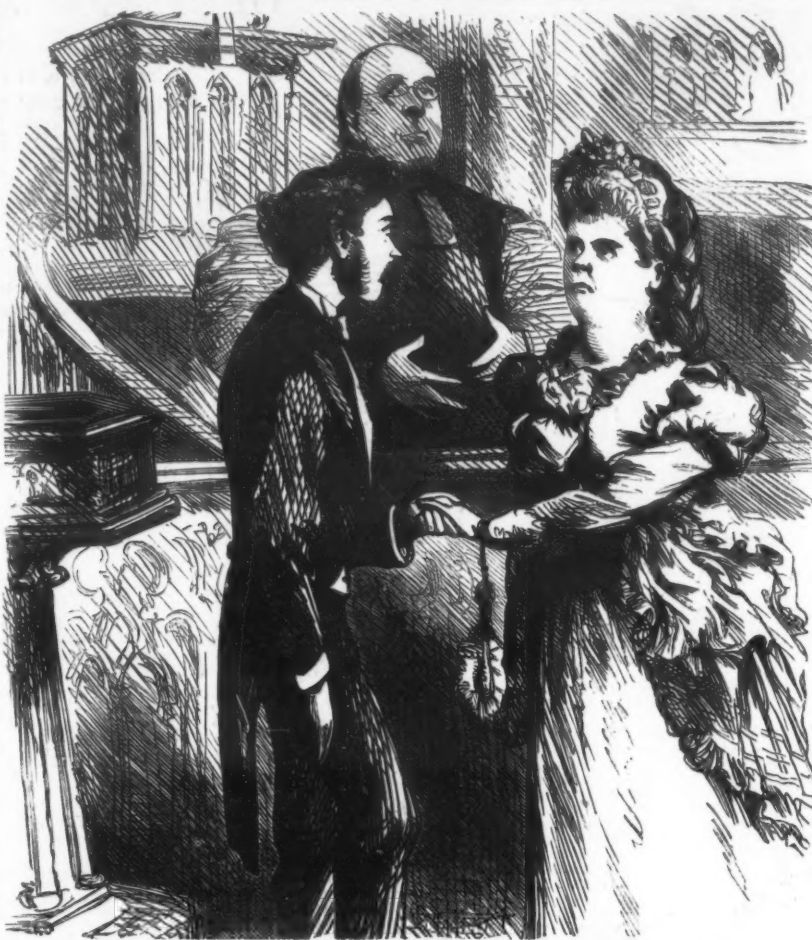
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